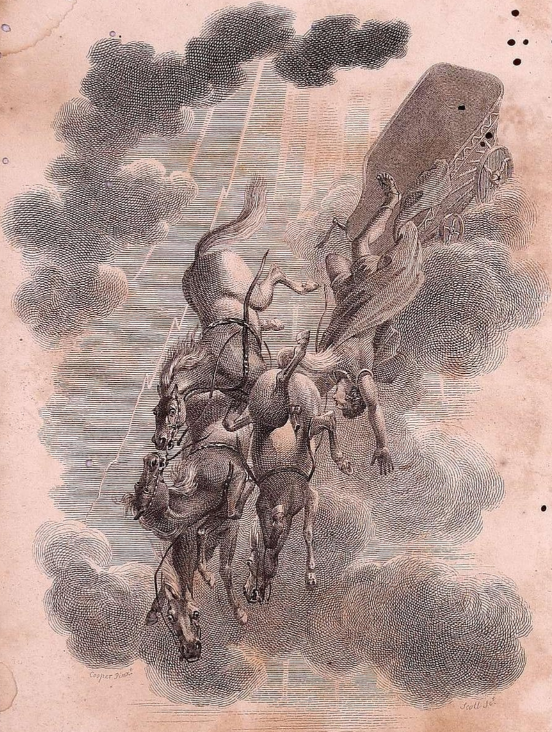
3101



THE FALL OF PHAETON.

Frontispiece. Vol 39.

Published March 31st 1812, by J. Wheble, 28, Warwick Square, London.

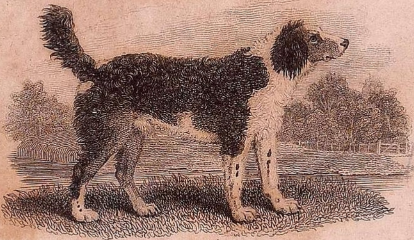
3101

Nineteenth of the Improved Work

THE Sporting Magazine OR MONTHLY CALENDAR, OF THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE, And every other Diversion Interesting to the Man of Pleasure Enterprize & Spirit.

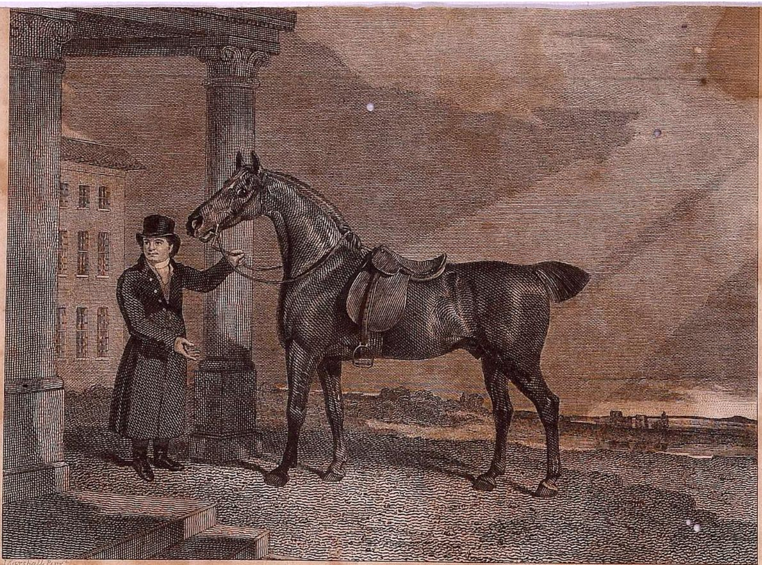
VOL. 39.

1384



Water Spaniel.

London
Printed for J. Wheble, 18, Warwick Square.
1812.



Marshall Pinx.t Scott Sc.

BLACKLEG,

The Property of Lord Charles Bentinck.

Published Oct.r 31.st 1811. by J. Wheble, 18, Warwick Square, London

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIX. OCTOBER, 1811. No. CCXXIX.

CONTENTS.

Pedigree of Blackleg, the Property of Lord Charles Bentinck .. ....Page 1
Cocking between Norfolk and Cambridgeshire 1
On the supposed Aversion of Bull-Dogs to Water.... 2
Quere respecting Eclipse..Sporting Pictures . 2
Amazonian Cricket Match 3
Newmarket Second October Meeting.... 4
Disputes between Gentlemen on Points of Honour, &c. 5
Convictions of Poachers, &c.... 7
All the World's a Stage 8
Observations on the Tandem Varmentcy, &c. . 9
General Order from the Horse Guards 12
Court Martial on Lieut. Col. Cochrane 13
Singular Anecdotes of Grimaldi 14
Pugilism---Crib and Molineux 16
Cure for the Distemper in Dogs 25
Wrestling at Carlisle and Bodmin 25
New Mode of catching Hawks, Eagles, &c.....26
Sale of Sir S. Sitwell's Stud ....Page 27
Preservation of Game in Shropshire 28
Sicilian Cookery....29
Sale of Mr. Hewett's Stud....30
On Matches against Time, &c. 31
Pugilistic Dinner, Engraving of Crib's Arms . 34
FEAST OF WIT 36
SPORTING INTELLIGENCE 39

POETRY.

The Staunch Sportsman 45
Modern Sonnet to a Goose 45
London---Ecce! 46
The Bailiff's Hunt....46
Care and the Bacchanalian 47
Song sung at Gregson's 47
The Lover's Evening Walk 47
Lines on the Bankruptcy of a Horse-Milliner 48
Epitaph on a noted Highwayman 48
The Mansion of Love....48
RACING CALENDAR 1

Embellished with,

I. *A Portrait of* Blackleg, *the Property of Lord Charles Bentinck.*

II. *The* Arms *of the Champion,* Crib.

BLACKLEG,

THE

PROPERTY OF LORD CHARLES BENTINCK.

(With an Engraving.)

HE was bred by the late Duke of Portland, who gave him to Lord C. Bentinck.—In him were combined the various qualifications of the hunter, the hack, and the charger. Lord C. used him in Holland in the latter capacities, where he has been on his back from three in the morning till ten o'clock at night.

He was got by Honesty, a thorough-bred horse, which was got by Herod, out of a very famous hack belonging to the late Duke of Portland.

COCKING.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IT will be recollected that a grand main of cocks was fought in the Assembly Room at the King's Head Inn, in Norwich, on Tuesday, the 26th, Wednesday, the 27th, and Thursday, the 28th days of March last, the gentlemen of that city and Norfolk, against Cambridgeshire (*see Sporting Magazine, No. 223, page 5, for April last*). I have now the satisfaction to say, and to inform the sporting gentlemen of this county, that the same match is finally made between the parties, for three years to come, and will positively take place some

time in the month of March next, at the above Inn, at Norwich, for ten guineas a battle, and one hundred guineas the odd, each party to shew forty-one cocks in the main; and the byes for four guineas a battle. Fleming, jun. feeder, for Cambridgeshire, and Lamb, feeder for Norfolk.

It is expected to take place about the 12th, 13th, and 14th days of March; however we are not certain to the days of fighting at present, as they are not fixed on, but due notice shall be sent you for the November Magazine.—I am, your constant reader, S.

Chatteris, Cambridgeshire,
Oct. 19, 1811.

ON THE SUPPOSED AVERSION OF BULL-DOGS TO WATER.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

AS I conceive it worthy of a place in your valuable collec- of sporting anecdotes, I send you a summary account of a bull-bitch, during the last summer.

It is generally considered, that the true bull-breed avoid the water, and all performances in it. On the contrary, my friend TIT is very desirous of pinning even a bubble on the surface of the water, and will attack any cascade with activity and intrepidity. In a walk with her master and mistress, she rushed off a rock upwards of twenty-five feet above the bottom of the fall of water, and continued her exertions with glee and perseverance, until she was rescued from her perilous situation by the assistance of ropes and men.

As soon as she was recovered from the violent effects of toil and water, she wished and attempted to renew her attack, and would have plunged again from the precipice, if she had not been restrained by her master.

If you judge this narrative worthy of insertion, you will oblige

A CONSTANT READER.

N. B. My friend TIT is a descendant of BALL, of sporting celebrity.

ECLIPSE.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IN your Magazine for September, you give some account of the pedigree of Eclipse.—I am desirous to know if Eclipse ever went a mile in a minute, or if any other horse did?

A CONSTANT READER.

SPORTING PICTURES.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IN your Magazine for April last, there appeared a critique on Mr. Scott's beautiful Sporting Prints, "*The Death of the Fox,*" and "*The Fox Breaking Cover,*" from the celebrated paintings by Gilpin and Reinagle. An account has appeared in most of the public prints, that the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, had voted to Mr. Scott their great gold medal; which medal was presented to him on their day of distribution, May 28, as a public reward due to his talents, for having completed a work which does so much honour to his country and to himself.

I am

I am greatly surprised that this has never been noticed in your Magazine, as it is a channel in which such information is more particularly to be expected; I am therefore induced to send you this statement, lest the subject should escape you altogether; and to recommend the prints to all brother sportsmen, as the best pictorial ornament they can have for their apartments or sporting boxes: in them the two most interesting points of the soul-enlivening chase are treated in a style for spirit, accuracy, and beauty, hitherto unexampled.—I am, Mr. Editor, your constant reader,

AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

Oxford, Oct. 20, 1811.

AMAZONIAN CRICKET MATCH.

THIS extraordinary performance, between the Hampshire and Surrey heroines, commenced on Wednesday, the 2d instant, in a field belonging to Mr. Strong, at the back of Newington-green, near Ball's Pond, Middlesex. The wickets were pitched at eleven o'clock. It was made by two Noblemen, for five hundred guineas. This grand match was to have taken place at Clapham a few weeks back, but, owing to some unforeseen misunderstanding, it was put off till the time mentioned. The ground, which is spacious, was enlivened with marquees and booths, well supplied with gin, beer, and gingerbread. The performers in this contest were of all ages and sizes, from fourteen to sixty: the young had shawls, and the old, long cloaks. The Hampshire were distinguished by the colour of *true blue,* which was pinned in their bonnets in the shape of the Prince's plume. The Surrey was equally as smart; their colours were *blue,* surmounted with *orange.* Those Amazonians' names were as follows—they consisted of eleven on each side:—

The Surrey side consisted of—

Ann Baker (sixty years of age, the best runner and bowler on that side), Ann Taylor, Maria Barfatt, Hannah Higgs, Elizabeth Gale, Hannah Collas, Hannah Bartlett, Maria Cooke, Charlotte Cooke, Elizabeth Stock, and Mary Fry.

The Hampshire side consisted of—

Sarah Luff, Charlotte Pulain, Hannah Parker, Elizabeth Smith, Martha Smith, Mary Woodson, Nancy Porter, Ann Poulters, Mary Novell, Mary Hislock, and Mary Jougan.

Very excellent play took place on Wednesday; one of the Hampshire lasses made forty-one innings before she was thrown out; at the conclusion of the day's sport the Hampshire lasses were eighty-one a-head—the unfavourableness of the weather prevented any more sport that day, though the ground was filled with spectators. On the following day the Surrey lasses kept the field with great success, and on Monday, the 7th, being the last day to decide the contest, an unusual assemblage of vehicles of all descriptions surrounded the ground by eleven o'clock; tandems, dog-carts, hackney-coaches, &c. formed a complete ring; several handsome females, dressed in azure blue mantles, graced those vehicles. The Earl of Barrymore, in a single horse-chaise, was amongst the spectators. His little friend, who goes by the name of *Tiger,* was on his poney. At three o'clock, the match was won by the Hampshire lasses, who, not being willing to leave

leave the field at so early an hour, and having only won by two innings, they played a single game, in which they were also successful. Afterwards they marched in triumph to the Angel, at Islington, and took some refreshment.—After their departure, the remainder of the spectators were entertained with a foot race: it was between a Hampshire barber, residing in the neighbourhood of Chick-lane, and a Surrey man. The ground was measured (one hundred yards); as much ceremony was practised as is customary at a race-course; a gentleman on a grey poney, and another on a chesnut mare, cleared the ground. At five o'clock the two champions appeared in full array, the Hampshire barber being no *sans culotte*, but in buff; his antagonist, the Surrey man, had a white handkerchief round his head. He was allowed five yards in advance, but he was distanced by twenty-five yards. This concluded the sports of the day.

SUMMARY OF SPORT

AT THE

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

MONDAY, October 14.——A Sweepstakes of 200gs. each was won by Sir F. Standish's Wellington, beating Mr. Shakespeare's Jolter.—Lord G. H. Cavendish's Eccleston beat Mr. Shakespear's Chester, 200gs.—Mr. Andrew's Morel beat Lord F. Bentinck's Asmodeus, 200gs.—The Duke of Grafton's Pope walked over the course for one-third of a subscription of 25gs. each.

Tuesday.—Fifty Pounds, Two-year-Olds' Course, was won by Lord Egremont's b. f. by Gohanna, beating Sir J. Shelley's Minikin, and six others.—Sir J. Shelley's Vexation, 8st. 5lb. beat Major Wilson's Antelope, 8st. Two-year-Olds' Course, 100gs.—The Duke of Grafton's Nimrod, 8st. 10lb. beat Mr. Craven's Sting-Tail, 8st. 2lb. T. M. M. 100gs.

Wednesday.—The Town Plate of 50l. T. M. M. B. C. was won by Lord Egremont's b. f. Sister to Brighton-Lass, beating Mr. Goodisson's Bustler, and another.—Sweepstakes of 200gs. each, Across the Flat, was won by Col. Udney's Brother to Morel, beating Sir F. Standish's Wellington, and two others.—The First Class of the October Oatlands Stakes of 50gs. each, R. M. was won by Mr. Watson's Dimity, beating Nimrod and another.

Thursday.—Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, Two-year-Olds' Course, was won by Sir J. Shelley's Mockbird, beating General Gower's f. by Dick Andrews, and three others.—The Second Class of the Oatlands Stakes of 30gs. each, R. M. was won by the Duke of Rutland's Sorcery, beating Sir C. Bunbury's Rival, and five others.

Friday.—The Jade Stakes of 30gs. each, Across the Flat, were won by Mr. Craven's Sting-Tail, beating Mr. Shakespear's Chester, and three others.—The Tortoise Stakes of 30gs. each, Two-year-Olds' Course, were won by Gen. Gower's Cressida, beating Mr. Lake's Britannia, and four others.

Saturday.—Sir J. Shelley's Phantom beat Colonel Udney's Brother to Morel, 8st. 4lb. each, Across the Flat, 200gs. Duke of Rutland's Sorcery, 8st. 4lb. beat Mr. Blake's Sprightly, 7st. 11lb. D. M. 100gs. Lord Sackville's Pan, 8st. rec. ft. from

from Major Wilson's Juniper, 8st. 7lb. T. M. M. 100gs.

[This Meeting will be given in detail, as usual, in our *Racing Calendar.*]

DISPUTES
BETWEEN GENTLEMEN,
On Points of Honour, &c. &c.

THE following is given as a copy of an original letter, intended, as the sequel imports, to have been circulated by Lord Wellington, among the Officers of the army under his command, but which circulation, from some unexplained cause, was not carried into effect:

" *Villa Formosa, May* 15.

" SIR,—Adverting to your report of the transactions of the morning of the 31st ult. in pursuit of the garrison of Almeida, I have to state, that nothing has given me more concern than the conduct of the Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel Cochrane, of the 36th regiment. When the enemy had passed the bridge of Barba del Porco, the farther pursuit of these troops was useless; and every step taken beyond the point to which the Lieutenant-Colonel was ordered to proceed, was only a risk to the officers and soldiers under his command, from whence retreat was next to impossible.

" The Lieutenant-Colonel did not know possibly, that the whole of the 2d corps d'Armée was at St. Felices, but a short distance from Barba del Porco; and, upon hearing the firing, formed on the Agueda to protect the retreat of these troops: he knew, however, that the garrison of Almeida, although perhaps in disorder, were a body far superior in numbers to those he had under his command; and he did not know what troops were in St. Felices to support them:—his advance, therefore, and his passage of the bridge, was an imprudence, to which all the losses of the day must be attributed.

" The frequent instances that occurred lately of severe loss, and, in some instances, of important failures, by Officers leading the troops beyond the point to which they were ordered, and beyond all bounds; such as the loss of prisoners taken in front of the village of Fuentes, on the 3d and 5th; the loss incurred by the 13th Light Dragoons, near and at Badajoz, on the 25th of March; the severe loss incurred by the troops at the siege of Badajos, on the right of the Guadiana, on the 10th instant; have induced me to determine to bring before a General Court Martial for disobedience of orders, any Officer who should in future be guilty of this conduct.

" I entertain no doubt of the readiness of the officers and soldiers of the army to advance upon the enemy; but it is my duty, and that of every General and other Officer in command, to emulate the spirit, and not to expose the soldiers to contend with unequal numbers in situations where they cannot be supported, from which their retreat is not secure, and in which they run the risk of being prisoners to the enemy they had before beaten.

" The desire of being forward in engaging the enemy is not uncommon in the British army; but that quality which I wish to see the Officers possess, who are at the head of troops, is a cool discriminating judgment in action, which will enable them to decide with promptitude how far they can and ought to go with

with propriety, and to convey their orders, and to act with such vigour and decision, as that the soldiers will look up to them with confidence in the moment of action, and obey them with alacrity. The officers of the army may depend upon it, that the enemy to whom they are opposed are not less prudent than powerful. Notwithstanding what has been printed in gazettes and newspapers, we have never seen small bodies, unsupported, opposed to large; nor has the experience of any officer realised the stories, which all have read, of whole armies being driven by a handful of light infantry or dragoons.

"I trust that this letter, copies of which I propose to circulate to General Officers of Divisions, with directions to circulate it among the officers of the army, will have the effect of inducing them to reflect seriously upon the duties which they have to perform before the enemy, and to avoid the crime which is the subject of it, and which is really become of serious detriment to the army and public interest.

(Signed) "WELLINGTON."

REMARKS—(*Original.*)

AMONG the varied order of disputes which exist in conflictive society, there are none more alarming and baneful than those which arise in the armies or the navy of a nation, because the dispute then takes a more momentous character than can be applied to the opposition which one man may exhibit against another, in the plenitude of his anger or his spleen; inasmuch as the security as well as the glory of their common nation, may be hazarded and tarnished by any marked deviation from the prescribed rules of service. The consequences that may arise from the adoption and practice of error, in the private agency of an individual, may be injurious, if not fatal, to the actor as well as those acted upon, but then the injury is limited, though it may be regretted; but the heavy responsibility which attaches to a Commander in Chief renders it expedient, that he should take an especial cognizance of the faults of one, for the preservation of the many.

There is no principle of action which should govern the operations of a generalissimo so strongly as discretion: as even valour might degenerate into folly, were it guided by no other impulse than its own.—Fabius was surnamed the great, because he saved the commonwealth of Rome by his consummate prudence; for had he been impetuous and unrestricted in his movements, he would, in all probability, have failed in the fulfilment of that vast expectation which his threatened country had formed on contemplating his judgment, and demanded from his skill and patriotism: yet there has been no historian who hath ventured to question the personal courage of Fabius, for this cautious but indispensable manifestation of prudence. Hence arises a broad apology for Lord Wellington's letter, which was apparently called for by the exigencies of the moment, though its circulation was probably withheld from considerations of delicacy towards a brave Officer, whose ardour might have been too violent for the cold, but wise suggestions, of circumspection.

We understand, by the tenor of this letter, that Lieutenant-Colonel Cochrane proceeded with his detachment,

tachment, in the warmth of his pursuit of the enemy, beyond the point to which he was ordered to proceed: now this is a serious circumstance, inasmuch it seems, that by such a measure, which was unauthorised by his instructions, he risked the lives and personal freedom of those Officers and men who were under his command.

As it is not possible for the subordinate agents of an army to judge of the exact position of the foe so well as the Commander in Chief, who is surrounded by *Aides-de-Camp,* whose duty it is to reconnoitre the body, wings, and detachments of the hostile army, it necessarily becomes their obligatory office, to receive their orders from that highest source of intelligence, and to execute them with fidelity and spirit.—If, under these warranted and warrantable circumstances, any part of an expedition should unhappily fail, the subordinate officer would be enabled to bear himself out, with an untarnished honour, before any board of inquiry that might be instituted to enquire into the causes of that failure: but if, on the contrary, that Officer should act in the very teeth and letter of his prescribed instructions, he would eventually incur, not only the rebuke (to speak in gentle terms) of his Commander, but the disapprobation of his country and the censure of his Sovereign.

Now, as no man could exist with any species of self satisfaction, under the pressure of misfortunes so weighty, how incumbent is it, upon every member of so important and noble a body of men as the army of Great Britain, to be systematically obedient to the commands of the supreme Officer; and, though the immediate official promulgation of this letter hath not taken place, yet as its publication remains unopposed, we can have no doubt as to its authencity; and in that point of view, we are led to consider it as an indirect document of authority, that no military gentleman can possibly misunderstand.

W.

CONVICTIONS OF POACHERS, &c.

On Saturday, the 28th ult. William Pain, of Gayton, Northamptonshire, farmer, was convicted before the Magistrates, in the penalty of 5l. for keeping and using greyhounds to kill game on the manor of Blisworth, not being qualified.

On Tuesday, the 15th instant, William Webster, of Mashbury, Essex, was convicted before Sir John Tyrell, Bart. in the penalty of five pounds, for using a gun for the killing of game, not being qualified by the laws of this realm to keep or use the same for that purpose, and paid the penalty, one moiety of which was distributed amongst the poor of the parish.

Before the sitting magistrates at Lewes, on Saturday, the 19th instant, a poor man was convicted in the penalty of five pounds, for shooting a hare. On saying he was unable to pay the fine, he was asked if he had any household furniture? to which he replied, that he had six small children, and a pregnant wife, to satisfy whose LONGINGS, and to prevent any deformity of the child, he had ventured to trespass by shooting the hare!!

Francis Frost, labourer, of Welton in the Marsh, Lincolnshire, was lately convicted in the penalty of 5l. by the Rev. Edward Brackenbury, clerk, for using a gun to kill game, he not being qualified.

On

On Friday morning, the 20th ult. some miscreant killed a mare worth 40l. belonging to a person named Bishop, in a field near Horncastle, by stabbing it repeatedly in the body with some sharp instrument. The poor animal was with foal, and one of the legs of the fœtus was nearly cut in two by the stabs of the savage who inflicted the wounds. A reward of nearly 100l. has been offered, (raised by the subscription of individuals in Horncastle and the neighbourhood,) for the discovery of the perpetrator of the horrid deed.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

MR. EDITOR,

A Late eminent scholar used to say, he did not like your *cui bono* men, persons who are ever asking the *use* of things, and never considering that many things may be very *amusing* which are not absolutely *necessary*. It is now frequently asked, of what use is boxing, which is patronised by so many right honourables and honourable personages? I answer, it is not only an *amusement* to them, but a means of improving their incomes. We have already heard, that one gentleman only has netted 10,000l. by the late match.

But the question again occurs, *Cui bono?* What *public good* results from boxing matches? How is the *community* benefited?—Sir, I will answer this question, not directly—because then I must say it is of no benefit at all—but by *comparison*, which is the new and approved method of estimating all things. We live, Sir, in a contending and fighting, quarrelling, and disputing age. Man is *animal pugnax*, and never discovered more pugnacious propensities than in our own times.

I answer, then, that boxing matches are of nearly *as much* benefit to the public, as any other contests or controversies whatever, from a *war* on the *Continent* down to a *debate* in *Common Council*. I say that the *Public* (amusements excepted) reap nearly as much advantage from the one as from the other: and what is more, I firmly believe that the public is *intended to be* benefited by the one as much as by the other, any professions to the contrary notwithstanding. I am old enough to remember the last three wars, and I know not to this day what benefit the *Belligerent Nations* reaped from them—and I well remember all the parliamentary contests of the present reign, and, except to some of the parties concerned, I in vain try to recollect any advantages *diffused among the public*, in consequence either of their victories or defeats. I have witnessed a hundred contested elections, in which I firmly believe, the constituents would have been as much benefited by the candidate they *rejected* as by him they *chose*—and as to those *set-too's* called law-suits, I presume it will not often be found, that the public have been the gainers; yet, perhaps, they *hope* to be so; for every term there is an increase in the number of these sparring-matches, and a growing disposition to prefer law to arbitration.

I would, therefore, request your readers to consider the comparative merits of the following personages:—Professed boxers—Sovereigns at war—members of parliament in debate—lawyers in an argument—and controversial divines—and then count up the advantages to the public from their respective labours. OLD SNARL.

OB-

OBSERVATIONS ON THE TANDEM VARMENTCY, &c.

I Happened in the course of last month to meet with a Poem called "The Tandem;" and was so much pleased that any attempt should be made to celebrate so noble a subject, that I immediately resolved to volunteer my services in the same cause. I accordingly began, and thought that I could not preface my remarks better than by an extract from near the beginning of the work, which, if it did not please by its poetry, might yet call up in my readers some emotions of gratitude, by leading them to compare the present times with the past. The same consideration now induces me to give it to my readers, only observing upon it, that there appears to me so great a resemblance to another well-known Poem, that I am almost inclined to suspect that the Author is guilty of imitation:

"Time was, when carriage sumptuous or for use,
Save their own marrowbones, our Sires had none.
As yet Barouches were not; Tandem gay,
Or Phaeton high, or Gig with leathern head.—
The hardy Chief across the dusty plain,
Scorch'd by the Sun, or through the muddy road,
Torn up by wintry torrents roaring loud,
Fearless of corns, stump'd sturdily along.—
These barbarous ages past, succeeded next
The birthday of Invention, weak at first,
Dull in design, and clumsy to perform.
Flat Trucks were then created—on four wheels
Upborn they roll'd—four wheels upholding firm
A massy slab in fashion square or round—
On such a Truck the Patriarch Jacob rode
When down to Goshen's land he took his way."

When I had determined on my subject, I sat some time considering by what name I should call the art, science, accomplishment, craft, or mystery, of which I intended to treat; but I could not hit upon any one which would suit with the full extent of my meaning. A friend calling on me while I was in this dilemma, his discourse led my thoughts into another channel; and I resolved to postpone the consideration of every other subject, until I had paid my respects to the new Theatrical Administration. Since that time my nephew, who is educating at Cambridge, has been in town, and tells me that at both our Universities this polite art is designated *Varmentcy;* that every professional amateur (if I may be allowed such an expression) is denominated a *Varment,* and demonstrates his right to that title by *sporting Varment;* and that, if he does this with proper spirit and a becoming contempt for antiquated ideas and distinctions, he may lay claim to the appellation of a *Dead Varment,* the highest degree which he can obtain.

And here I cannot help expressing my gratitude to the gentlemen of this profession for the vast additions which they have made to our language. They have indeed of late become so numerous, that to the uninitiated our language is frequently unintelligible. I cannot enumerate them; I have given a specimen; and the world will see the rest when I publish my "Varment's *Vademecum,* or every Man his own Coachman." It is a melancholy fact that there are many well-disposed, and, on other subjects, well-informed persons, living even in the metropolis, who have no more idea of the distinction between a *Random* and a *Dead Certainty,* than if they had been born in

in China; and I have been induced to undertake the work, as well that they may be enlightened, as that my name may be handed down to posterity as a promoter of the science of Varmentcy—a science which I have reason to hope will, if not checked by narrow-minded prejudices, become at once the glory and the occupation of a great part of our community.

It is, however, lamentably true that such prejudices do exist. My nephew informs me, that at Cambridge the science meets with great opposition from some of the heads of houses; and that the Tandem, the loveliest of vehicles, the apple of the Varment's eye, is more particularly proscribed. Had it been by another hand, I should have cried with Horace, "Tandem *parcus insane!*" but as Alma Mater "Tandem *discedere campis admonuit*;" and as I would always inculcate the most implicit obedience to her commands, I will say no more, except that I recommend to the parties so deprived, patient submission and resignation to their fate. The story of the Pseudo-Mail-Coachman at Oxford is too well known to need any comment, and furnishes a melancholy instance of the blindness and perverseness of Proctors. I hope that these gentlemen will in due time become sensible of their errors; and, instead of interrupting the progress of so noble a science, will further it by every means in their power. My readers will, I dare say, have discovered my propensity to look forward; it is indeed my failing, and I hope that the less sanguine of them will pardon the weakness of an old man, who loves to speculate upon contingencies, the determination of which he can scarcely hope to see, and who, considering the present race of mankind as his children, cannot help prying into those times when his name shall be forgotten, and his full-length portrait converted into a chimney-board. I anticipate the day when the science and language of Varmentcy shall be as generally practised and understood by the fair sex as it now is by my own; and I trust, from one or two recent instances of female spirit, that it is not far distant. It would indeed be doing great injustice to the ladies of my own day to suppose them less discerning and judicious than those of ancient Greece, who were not unmoved at seeing an elderly gentleman driving his own carriage. I cannot help fancying that such an accomplishment would be a great addition to female excellence; while the language would give a beauty to the epistolary communications of our ladies. Take two short specimens:

"Miss Wilhelmina Whipcord's compliments to Lady Buckskin; is sorry that she was unable to wait on her ladyship last evening; but in coming from the Opera her off-leader took fright, by which she was *hooked off the rings*, but happily escaped with no further injury than a slight graze on the whip-hand."

"Miss Rosalind Random's compliments to Miss Belinda Bugle; would be much obliged by the loan of her *Upper Benjamin*, as her own has only seven capes, and she intends to *tool* the Liverpool expedition to-morrow night.—Returns Miss B.'s horn with many thanks, as not being sufficiently powerful for her purpose."

The origin of Varmentcy, as of almost all the noble sciences, is obscure. The Grecians certainly had some rational ideas upon the sub- ject;

ject, which, according to Herodotus, they derived from the Libyans.—And we learn from Juvenal that a Roman Consul in his day aspired to the honours of the whip:

———" volucri
Carpento rapitur pinguis Damasippus; et ipse,
Ipse rotam stringet multo sufflamine Consul."

This is the first instance I have met with of an Amateur Whip; though I am much inclined, from Ovid's account of Phaeton, to think that he was at least a lover, if not a practiser, of the art. "*Flagrat cupidine Currus,*" is an expression which can have come from the pen of none but a *Dead Varment.* The Tandem does not appear to have risen into general notice until about the time of Propertius, who exclaims against it as rivalling the Curricle, which he preferred, at least if I rightly translate the following lines:

" Invide tu *Tandem* voces compesce molestas
Et sine nos cursu quo sumus *ire pares.*"

However, as I am not an Antiquary, and am consequently unable to discuss this part of the subject, I drop it, sincerely hoping that the few hints which I have given may attract the notice of some one who has more extensive knowledge, joined to a more patient spirit of research, than I possess.

During the middle ages this art seems to have slumbered; and the first English Varment with whom I have met is Oliver Cromwell, who, as every one knows, had nearly lost his life while displaying his skill. The other day, among some old papers, I found a letter from my great great grandfather, Mr. Zeruiah B. to his brother Nicholas, in which he gives an account of the accident. Although the natural gravity and even austerity of his disposition, inclined him to wish well to the cause of Cromwell, yet it made him averse to those more polite diversions which the dawning spirit of refinement had just introduced. After describing the accident, he comments on it as follows:

" Albeit I am sorry for his misfortune, I am yet scandalized that he came by it of such means. I marvel that a gentleman, specially one of such degree, should busy himself in matters so little fitting his dignity. Methinks a man who sitteth among the rulers of the land should be more wisely employed than in making May-games for the rabble. In good truth 'tis a marvellous sad thing to see so great a personage turn servingman."

Such were the sentiments of my honoured ancestor! Such was the taste of the age in which he lived! I congratulate my readers upon their living in a day when this science meets with its merited patronage from so many of our senators; and trust that the annals of the Four-in-Hand Club will reflect upon the latest posterity some gleam of our present illumination.

There is, however, another light in which I have not viewed this science, and I shall now do it briefly. It has been proved to us beyond doubt, that all distinctions in society are unnecessary and unnatural; and therefore I am sure that every lover of freedom will rejoice in the growth of a science so happily adapted to remove the obstacles of equalization. Doubtless, the spirit of Paine hovered with inconceivable delight over the festive board of Molineux, while " two Marquisses, six Lords, and a long *et cetera* of Right Honourables, drank success to milling;"

ing;" and consulted how to evade the regulations of a Legislature, actuated by the absurd idea that boxing is injurious to the morals of a nation. But I have spent so much time on one branch of Varmentcy, that I must postpone all the others until another opportunity. In the mean time, that my readers may not be at a loss for practical instruction, I beg leave to subjoin the following copy of a card which I have received.

" FASHIONABLE DRIVING.

" Amos Pyebald begs leave to present his respects to the nobility and gentry, and to inform them, that he intends opening an Academy for the instruction of Amateurs in the above branch of Polite Science. The Unicorn and Four-in-Hand will be taught by masters of approved science; and the Tandem, Random, Harum-scarum, Break-neck, and Dead Certainty, by A. P. himself.

" N. B. There will always be a coach with four sham horses in the Academy; so that elderly gentlemen, and those who have families, or are constitutionally timid, may learn to mount and dismount the box, keep a firm seat, and handle the whip and reins before they turn out.

" *** A. P.'s friends, the Earl of —— and Lord —— (from whom cards of terms and address may be had) have kindly undertaken to vouch for his professional ability."

GENERAL ORDER,

Issued from the Horse Guards, Sept. 16, 1811.

THE Commander in Chief has observed with much regret, that a practice prevails in the Army, of recommending Officers, who have by their misconduct rendered themselves obnoxious in the regiments to which they belong, to be removed by exchange to other corps.

A moment's consideration must convince Commanding Officers, that when Officers may be deemed unfit to serve in any particular corps, they must be equally unfit to serve in any other of his Majesty's Regiments, and that on these occasions, through a misplaced lenity towards an undeserving individual, they are in fact doing a manifest injury to the service at large. In order to put a stop to this practice, by which improper characters are, in some cases, not only screened from justice, but retained in the Army, to the prejudice of discipline, and to the disgrace of the military profession, his Royal Highness commands, that with every paper recommending an exchange, a certificate shall be forwarded by the Colonel or Commanding Officer, to the following effect:—

" I. A. B. Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel, Major, or Captain, Commanding the Regiment, do hereby certify, upon my word and honour as an Officer and a Gentleman, that the exchange recommended in the papers now accompanying this certificate, does not originate in any regimental proceeding of any kind, or in any cause affecting the honour and character of nor are there any grounds of personal objection to the individual, of which I am aware, that have in the smallest degree induced an application for such exchange."

No recommendation for an exchange will hereafter be attended to, unless accompanied by a certificate, according to the above form, addressed to the Commander in

in Chief, through his military Secretary.

By command of his Royal Highness the Commander in Chief,

HARRY CALVERT, Adj.-Gen.

SENTENCE OF THE COURT MARTIAL ON LIEUT.-COL. COCHRANE.

Adjutant-General's Office, Fuente Guinaldos, Sept. 1.

No. 1. At a General Court Martial, held by virtue of a warrant, and in pursuance of an order from his Excellency General Lord Viscount Wellington, K. B. Commander of the Forces at Gallegos, 24th of August 1811, of which Lieutenant-General Sir S. Cotton, Bart. was President, and Captain Goodman, Deputy Judge Advocate. The warrant being read, and the Court duly sworn, proceeded to the trial of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Basil Cochrane, 36th Regiment, arraigned,

1st. For highly unmilitary conduct in writing a letter, on or about the 9th of August, 1811, to Captain Achmuty, D. A. A. G. 6th division, to be laid before Major-General A. Campbell, 6th division, couched in the most disrespectful and offensive terms to the Major General.

2dly. For highly unmilitary conduct, in forwarding the said letter direct to Major-General Campbell, in a subsequent unbecoming letter dated the 11th of August, after the said letter of the 9th had been returned to Lieutenant-Colonel Cochrane by Captain Achmuty, and after Major General Burne, commanding the Brigade, had refused to forward it.

3dly. For refusing to withdraw the said offensive letters of the 9th and 11th of August, notwithstanding their offensive tendency was made known to him, and an opportunity offered him by Major-General Campbell, through Major-General Burne, of withdrawing the same. To which charges the prisoner pleaded Not Guilty, and the Court proceeded to the examination of witnesses; and the Court having maturely and deliberately weighed and considered the evidence adduced in support of the prosecution, against the prisoner, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. B. Cochrane, of the 36th Regiment, together with what he has exhibited in his defence, and the evidence thereon, are of opinion, that he is guilty of the charges preferred against him, viz.:—

1st. For highly unmilitary conduct in writing a letter, on or about the 9th of August, 1811, to Captain Achmuty, D. A. A. G. 6th division, to be laid before Major-General A. Campbell, commanding the 6th division, couched in the most disrespectful and offensive terms, to the Major-General.

2dly. For highly unmilitary conduct in forwarding the said letter direct to Major-General Campbell, in a subsequent unbecoming letter, dated August 11, after the said letter of the 9th had been returned to Lieutenant-Colonel Cochrane, by Captain Achmuty, and after Major-General Burne commanding the brigade, had refused to forward it.

3dly. For refusing to withdraw the said offensive letters of the 9th and 11th of August, notwithstanding their offensive tendency was make known to him, and an opportunity offered him by Major-General Campbell, through Major-General Burne, of withdrawing the same (being a breach of the Articles of War)—the Court do, by virtue

virtue thereof, sentence him, the prisoner, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Basil Cochrane, 36th regiment, to be severely reprimanded, at such time and place, and in such manner, as his Excellency the Commander of the Forces may deem fit.

Which sentence has been confirmed by his Excellency the Commander of the Forces.

No. 2. The Commander of the Forces regrets that an Officer of the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel Cochrane should have placed himself in the situation in which he now finds himself, and should have persevered in the error which he had committed, notwithstanding that its nature and the consequences likely to result from his conduct, were repeatedly represented to him; and that he was earnestly urged by those whose opinions ought to have had an influence over him, to recal the improper letters which he had addressed to his Commanding Officer, Major-General Campbell.

No. 3. If the extreme sensibility to the censure of his Commanding Officer, which was the pretext for the disrespectful and offensive conduct of which Lieutenant-Colonel Cochrane has been found guilty, had been of that good description which induces those who feel it to avoid censure, by attending strictly to their duty, by obeying with zeal and precision the orders which they receive, and by upholding the discipline and subordination of the Army, Lieutenant-Colonel Cochrane would have attended to the advice which he received, of withdrawing his offensive letters, rather than incur the risk of receiving a stronger censure under the sentence of a General Court Martial.

No. 4. The Commander of the Forces hopes, however, that that sentence will convince the Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel Cochrane, that whatever may be his feelings, he cannot with impunity express them to his Commanding Officer in terms of disrespect and offence, even when he thinks he has reason to complain of his Commanding Officer's conduct; and that he will recollect in future, that a General Court Martial will enforce the rules of the service, which protect every Officer from disrespect and insult, on every occasion, but most particularly when in the execution of his duty.

No. 5. The Commander of the Forces desires that this order, whereby the Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel Cochrane, of the 36th regiment, is reprimanded, may be read to him by the D. A. A. G. attached to the 6th division, at the head of the 6th division, to be paraded for that purpose, between Almeida and Gallegos, at seven o'clock on Monday morning, the 2d of September, in presence of Lieutenant-General Sir Stapleton Cotton, Bart. President of the General Court Martial, who is requested to attend.

No. 6. The Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel Cochrane is then to be released from his arrest, and return to his duty with his regiment.

SINGULAR ANECDOTES OF GRIMALDI,

The Grandfather of the present Grimaldi, the celebrated Clown of Covent-Garden Theatre and Sadler's Wells.

PREVIOUS to the establishment of the Italian Opera in France, theatres were erected at the fairs of St. Germain and St. Laurent, which, though at first of an inferior kind, were in the end productive of great improvement in dramatic humour, and

and the Italian and comic theatres owed some of their best harlequins, comic actors and actresses, to this school.

Among other dancers who performed with great celebrity at this fair, was the grandfather of our present famous Grimaldi. He was just then come from Italy, and was called, for distinction sake, *Iron Legs*, from his being supposed to be the best jumper in the world, which was then the prevailing taste in France. He once jumped so high, that he broke a chandelier; a piece of which hitting the Turkish Ambassador, who was in the stage-box, he considered his conduct as a premeditated affront, and complained to the French court of the outrage, when Grimaldi was obliged to make an apology.

The French were for a time infatuated with Grimaldi, but being imprisoned for some act of indecorum committed on the stage, he began to lose ground, and was at length obliged to stroll into Flanders. Previous to this Grimaldi cohabited with a woman, who was remarkably like him, being a thick, squat, strong figure, and almost as great a *jumper* as himself. When he resolved to set out for Flanders, this woman accompanied him, along with one Flahaut, a French bookseller, whom, having scraped up some money, Grimaldi persuaded to follow his fortunes. Flahaut having learned Latin, took it in his head, that it would be a good thing to introduce the ancient chorus on the stage by way of explaining Grimaldi's dances.—Grimaldi appeared to approve of the scheme; but told him as it was a kind of improvement, that could only be brought about by degrees, he had better learn to dance first, which would make him immediately useful. Flahaut set to work, and Grimaldi promised to make him a capital dancer. In short Flahaut got together as much money as he could, left his family, and joined Grimaldi and his wife in their journey to Flanders, which produced the following singular circumstance.

When their little troop had advanced near Brussells, they were suddenly attacked by banditti, who lay in wait for them, thinking they possessed a great deal more treasure than strolling actors in general carry about with them. The baggage waggon was first ransacked, next the pockets of the poor passengers turned inside out, when finding not altogether what they wanted, they savagely determined to sacrifice their lives to their disappointment; they accordingly drew their sabres to dispatch them; when Grimaldi, who loved a joke even to the danger of his life, whispered Flahaut to speak Latin to them. Flahaut did as he was desired, and for a while the sabres were suspended; but the captain of the banditti determined to lose no time, and thinking his men might be softened by this device, cried out in a savage and imperative manner "Dispatch!" the sabres were again accordingly drawn and the moment of their dissolution approached; when Madame Grimaldi, with great presence of mind, and singular heroism, in a scream of despair implored the banditti to have pity on her comrades, whose deaths could answer no purpose, whilst she was willing to sacrifice her country, her person, and her talents to their services.

She described so many ways in which she could be useful to them —"She could dance and sing to amuse them, she could wash for them, she could make and mend for

for them, she could cook for them, &c. in short, in the language of Deborah Woodcock, she had no objection to any work they could put her to."—This harangue pacified the thieves, they carried off the lady by compromise, not before, however, they had stripped the whole troop almost naked, leaving them nothing but the refuse of what they had pillaged from them in the baggage waggon, consisting of a few odds and ends of pantomime dresses. Grimaldi put on an old harlequin's jacket, poor Flahaut contented himself with the trowsers of Scaramouch, and in this plight they begged their way to Brussells.

What became of the *heroine* to whom they owed their lives, anecdote is silent; it is to be hoped, however, she met her recompense, as there was something very singularly disinterested and noble in her conduct. The troop travelled on from Brussells to Flanders, where Grimaldi formed a company, and where, by adding legerdemain and other tricks to his jumping, he soon acquired a considerable fortune.

The late Grimaldi in our time, was the son of the above celebrated jumper, who was himself for many years the first clown on our stage. Amongst his other qualities he excelled in *jumping*, not to any extraordinary height, but in imitation of animals. We once saw him in a pantomime, where, in the character of a savage, he had to descend a pile of rocks in quest of a sleeping shepherdess, and he bounded from rock to rock in such a close imitation of nature, that it appeared more the agility of a roebuck than a man.

The present Mr. Grimaldi of Covent-Garden Theatre, is the son of this man, and the grandson of the celebrated Italian jumper, and those who have seen him in the pantomime of Mother Goose, must do him the justice to say, he has lost none of the hereditary talents of the family.

PUGILISM.

CRIB AND MOLINEUX.

WE announced to our readers in last month's Magazine, the result of the long-pending battle between these celebrated Pugilists, and at the same time stated that it took place on the 28th of September, at Thistleton Gap, in the parish of Whymondham, in the county of Leicester, which is very near a place called Crown Point, where the three counties of Lincoln, Leicester, and Rutland join, and in the line between Grantham and Stamford.—We now proceed to narrate the particulars:

From the time the scene of action was first known, even by conjecture, the amateurs began to crowd to the spot. Not a bed could be had within twenty miles of the seat of action on the night previous to the fight, and those who had been accustomed to a downy *dab*, were content to become *palls* with their *prads*, to witness the anticipated awful *mill*. As soon as dawn appeared on Saturday, the spectators were on the move in the direction of the scene of action, and by six o'clock scarcely a standing was to be procured within any reasonable distance of the stage. The crowd kept increasing until about half-past eleven, when, it is calculated, upwards of 15,000 persons occupied the ground; one-fourth of them consisted of nobility and gentry.

gentry. The field chosen was a stubble ground, on which a twenty-five-feet stage was erected without the slightest interruption.

Very little preface is necessary with respect to the biography of the combatants—Crib having been known to be the best bit of *man-flesh* nature ever cast in her mould, whose *gluttony* beggars description, who possesses science inferior to none, and courage superior to any on the boxing list.—Molineux, it will be fresh in the memory of our readers, fought this formidable champion a hard battle of *thirty-nine* rounds in *fifty-five* minutes in December last, *(see Sporting Magazine for that month)* and victory in that combat was so long doubtful, that the Black was backed at even in the latter part of the fight. This was a most obstinate and sanguinary combat, the equal to which record can scarcely furnish. The day was a very wet one; it rained heavily during the fight; and it is said that this state of the weather operated very much against the Black. His prowess was therefore regarded by Crib's friends with a jealousy which excited considerable national prejudice against him; and although the task of a second combat was regarded with fearful anxiety by the fistic amateurs, inasmuch as the laurels of a British Champion were in danger of being wrested from him by a Baltimore man of colour, yet a challenge was sent Crib, which he was bound to accept, although he had publicly declined fighting. Neither of the men weighed so much by nearly a stone as in the former combat; Crib being thirteen stone five or six pounds, and Molineux something more than thirteen stone. Captain Barclay, by a science of training peculiar to himself, had reduced Crib from upwards of sixteen stone to the above weight, by *Scots living*, but he had still kept his stamina pure. Molineux had not to boast of *patrician* patronage; but it is not true, as reported, that his training was left chiefly to himself, he having been for some time under the tuition of those eminent professors, Richmond and Tom Belcher.—Crib, however, had been from the time the match was first made, decidedly the favourite, the odds having been three to one he won the battle, and six to four he gave the first knock-down blow.—The combatants mounted the stage at twelve o'clock, and at eighteen minutes past (having viewed each other with significant glances) they prepared for combat. Crib's second was his old and intimate friend and companion the renowned Gully, with Joe Ward for his bottle-holder. Molineux was seconded by his sable countryman Richmond, with Bill Gibbons for his bottle-holder. Betting 30 to 10 on Crib. Both heroes were repeatedly cheered by the spectators, and they returned the compliment by repeated *conges*, in a graceful style. Then followed

THE SET-TO.

Round 1. Sparring for one minute, when Crib made play right and left. The right-handed blow told slightly on the body of the Black, who returned it slightly on the head. A rally followed, in which three blows were exchanged, when the Black was knocked down by a hit on the throat. The blows were not at length to do much execution, and the knock-down was not clean. Betting as at setting-to.

2. Crib shewed first blood from the mouth at setting-to. A dreadful rally, by mutual consent, was commenced, and Crib put in a good body

body hit with the right hand, when Molineux returned it on the head with the left flush. Each fought at half-arm for superiority, and hits, in number about six, were exchanged with force. Closing followed, when Crib was thrown in a trial of strength.—Five to 2 on Crib.

3. Crib's right eye was nearly closed in the last rally, and another here followed of a sanguinary nature, after sparring for wind, in which the Black was deficient. Crib put in a dreadful doubler in the body of the Black, but although he was hit away, he kept his legs, and renewed the rally with a fury which excited alarm amongst the cognoscenti. Crib in the rally hit right and left at the body and head, and the Black fought at the head alone, and was so successful with the left hand, that he planted some dexterous flush hits, and Crib bled at the mouth, and was damaged in both eyes. The rally lasted a minute and a half, and in a close, Crib was thrown a heavy fall. This fall evinced the astonishing and superior strength of the Black. He grasped Crib round the body with one hand while he supported himself with the other resting upon the railing of the stage, and in this position gave him a cross-buttock, throwing him completely over with force upon the stage. To an ordinary spectator the Black was winning the fight in a hurry, but the champion's tried game made him yet a favourite, although the odds were reduced to about 7 to 4 current.

4. Crib's head was much disfigured, and the Black's wind was treacherous. The former bled from every organ, but he smiled, renewed the rally with heroism never excelled, and hits in abundance were exchanged, Crib still fighting at the body-mark with his right-hand, and Molineux at the head. Crib fell with a slight hit, and manifested first weakness.—Betting as in the last round.

5. Rallying was renewed by Molineux, and the execution on both sides was terrific. The Black had the best of the determined rally, and Crib fell from a blow, and received another in falling, which excited murmurs and applause from the partisans of the combatants; but on reference to the umpires, it was decided FAIR, Crib's hands being at liberty.

6. The Black, fatigued by want of wind, lunged right and left, but he was avoided, and he made a good stop of Crib's right hand. Crib put in a destructive right-handed blow at his body-mark, which doubled him up. From a sudden puff from his mouth, he seemed as if the wind was knocked out of him, and got away pitifully distressed. He appeared frantic on renewing a rally, anxious to go in, but alarmed at the consequences, and he capered about like a dancing-master, to the amusement of Crib and his friends. He hit short, and was abroad; Crib followed him round the stage and did astonishing execution, and floored him with a blow at great length. This round brought the odds to 5 to 1 on Crib.

7. Molineux run in on a rally intemperately, and did some execution, but Crib hit him several blows as violent as can be figured, about the neck and jugular, and after a rally of one minute, the Black fell from hurts and weakness.

8. Molineux, in the forlorn hope, again rallied at ill-judged distance, and after Crib had again nobbed him, he got his head under the left

arm,

arm, and fibbed until Molineux fell. No takers of odds.

9. Lombard-street to a China orange Molineux was dead beat, and only fought to encounter Crib's death-like blows. In running in, Crib met him with his left hand, and broke his jaw, and he fell like a log. He did not come to time within half a minute; but Crib's appetite was not to be satiated—he gave away this chance, dancing a hornpipe about the stage, when the battle was lost; but although a chance was given, he did not accept it, but went in again and floored his man, after hitting him half down and up again.

10. Molineux with difficulty got off his second's knee for fresh punishment, but he made a desperate unsuccessful effort, and fell from distress.

11. This round ended the fight, after Crib had given away another chance about time, but the Black's senses were hit out of him; and after he received another knock-down, he was unable again to stand, and victory was announced by Gully and Crib, accompanied by shouts of applause from the populace.

After the battle Crib, accompanied by his friend Gully, set out for their head-quarters, at the Bull on Witham Common; and Molineux, who had laid down on the stage, as soon as he could be removed, proceeded with his friends to the Royal Oak, at Greetham, where he was immediately put to bed. A surgeon immediately attended, and, upon examining him, it was ascertained that his jawbone and two of his ribs were fractured, and he was then thought to be in a very dangerous state.

REMARKS.

The assemblage gave mutual applause to the combatants during the fight, which lasted nineteen minutes and ten seconds. The Black has acquired science equal to Crib, and it would not be too much to denominate him as good an *infighter*. He is quick and weighty, particularly with the left hand, and generally, when Crib hit him in the body with the right hand, he returned it with the left on the head; but Crib's game was never excelled, he having been a good deal punished on the head alone. The champion has won a main, and certainly Molineux could have no chance in any combat with him. Whether the impression of having been before beat by the champion was the cause of a sort of despondency, *flashly* termed *fencing*, or whether a want of patronage by the higher orders in the *fancy*, had preyed on Molineux's spirits, we are not in the secret to know, but he has fallen off much since he fought Crib before, and his intemperance gave his antagonist his mode of punishing, in which he excels all others, that of hitting with his left-hand, when followed quickly. It has been a matter of surprise to many of the amateurs, that the Black should have been beat so quick, when he obstinately contested a battle of thrice the duration so recently. The only inference to be drawn is, that Crib was full of flesh in that combat, and far from being in good condition, and Molineux certainly had not the stamina he then had, although he has acquired the necessary science of boxing. The four rounds following the first were contended with that sort of furious desperation on both sides, which has never been equalled. Crib's hits were insupportable to the hardiest frame, and certainly had the Black possessed more courage than it is possible for man to be gifted

gifted with, he could not have withstood such murderous hits.

A report prevailed at first that Crib was blind, but his sight was not affected, although he was a good deal punished in the face. He received no body hit—there he was scarcely scratched by the war.—On being joked with after the fight, about his captivating appearance, he observed he would sooner go through such another fight than go through another training up the Highlands of Scotland, after his patron and trainer, Captain Barclay. He is supposed to have benefited 400l. by his victory, but he has solemnly declared that nothing shall ever tempt him to fight another battle.—The public, perhaps, are not aware that he is a coal-dealer, and carries on business at his house in White Lion-square.

The towns of Grantham, Stamford, and in short the whole North Road, have reaped abundant harvests on this occasion. No interruption whatever was offered, but on the contrary the Corporations of the principal towns in the North solicited the seat of action might be on their domains, as did several of the most distinguished persons in that part of the country.

Among the spectators who appeared to feel a peculiar interest in the fight, were Lord Yarmouth, the Hon. Berkeley Craven, Major Mellish, Captain Barclay, Sir Francis Baynton, General Grosvenor, Thomas Goddard, Esq. Mr. Maitland, Sir Henry Smith, the Marquis of Queensbury, Lord Pomfret, Sir Charles Alston, &c.

The crowds that assembled at the houses of Richman and Gregson (the principal resorts of the two contending heroes) were so great, that it was necessary to procure peace officers to preserve order.

Although the preceding description of this celebrated contest is tolerably copious, yet there are so many additional and amusing particulars interwoven in the following account, that we are sure our readers will derive considerable gratification from its perusal.

SECOND ACCOUNT.

The Battle between Crib, Champion of England, and Molineux, the Baltimore Man of Colour.

The battle took place, as we announced it would, on Saturday last; and the spot chosen for the scene of action was near where we intimated, being Crown-Point, a short distance from Thistleton-Gap, and about twelve miles from Stamford, a place of doubtful county-ship, being situated at the conflux of three counties, Lincoln, Rutland, and Leicester. This circumstance, no doubt, occasioned its selection, with a view to avoiding the authority of any interfering magistrate. Here, in a large stubble-field, a stage was erected, twenty-five feet square, for the combatants, which was again surrounded by a rope ring to keep off the crowd. Round this, at a very early hour, the whole country began to pour from all directions.—From the barouche to the donkey, every mode of human conveyance was in use, and thousands who were not so fortunate as to possess any one of these, trusted to their own legs, and walked ten, fifteen, and some twenty miles, to witness a display of strength and courage, peculiar to our country, and apparently congenial to its spirit. As the Oak, at Greetham, which was the head-quarters of Molineux, lay in the road from Stamford, most of the company from that quarter,

called

called on the sable hero as they passed; he seemed alert and confident. Before twelve o'clock, the appearance of the field, where the stage was erected, was of the most unusual and interesting description; several rows of people, on foot, surrounded the large rope ring, behind which were innumerable horsemen, mingled with every species of carriage, from the chariot to the dust-cart. The backs, boxes, wheels, and roofs of these, actually swarmed with spectators, and few of the horsemen were contented to *sit* on their saddles, most of them *stood*, Circus-fashion, a proceeding, in this instance, attended with but little danger, for the living mass was so closely wedged, that when once fixed, there was no moving. The display of *flash-men*, from the Peer on the coach-box, to the more gentlemanly-looking pick-pocket, was very complete: all the fighting men and fighting amateurs were down:—*flash*, in short, was the order of the day—to have appeared in a white neckcloth would have been an impeachment on a man's taste, and to have talked of any thing but *hammering*, a lamentable proof of his ignorance.

A little before twelve, the seconds and bottle-holders made their appearance on the stage; and their arrival encreased the anxiety of the immense crowd present relative to the approaching fight. Gully and Joe Ward attended to assist Crib; Richman the Black, and Bill Gibbons, to assist Molineux. They stripped and put on jackets in preparation for their principals.—About twelve Molineux appeared within the ropes, but his antagonist Crib was the first to spring on the stage, which he did with great gaiety, and made his obeisances to the spectators. The air rang with shouts of applause. Molineux followed, and actively jumped over the railing; he also made his bow, and was greeted with cheering; if not quite so general as the last, yet sufficient to shew that he had many friends, for love or *money*, among those present. Crib was well dressed, in a brown great coat, and boots—and his appearance altogether was very respectable. He seemed to stand about six feet high—looked smiling and confident—and appeared in high condition. Molineux wore a blue coat and nankeen trowsers: he is not so tall a man as his opponent—but is of Ajax make—broad and brawny—capacious of chest—and with arms formed for *hammering* He eyed Crib with a vengeful sulky look, and seemed bent on doing desperate things.

The preparations for the fight now commenced in the most solemn manner; and it is impossible to express the breathless anxiety of the multitude at this moment. The determined port of the heroes, their evident strength, and the notorious animosity of the Moor, all prognosticated a *terrible mill*. The latter kept walking on the stage, while the seconds were arranging the clothes, &c. in a hasty disturbed manner, indicative of violent anger. At length the combatants began to strip—and every heart beat high with expectation. When in fighting trim, both looked remarkably well—the Black is handsome for a man of colour—and Crib is well and stoutly made. He had evidently the advantage in length of arm over his challenger.

The battle, although short, was most desperate. Four more such rounds as the first five, would have given

given Crib his *belly full*: but his excellent training and determined courage enabled him to recover himself, while the Black, who was by no means in such high condition, and was moreover thrown off his guard by passion, rapidly lost his wind, and exposed himself to his adversary's murderous hitting. The beating which he received on the throat occasioned him to bleed internally, and it was very plain, at times, that he was almost suffocated by the blood rising.—The blow on the side, which he received when falling, descended like a stroke from a hammer: it was heard distinctly at the extremity of the crowd, and its deadly effects were very visible during the next round. It must, however, be allowed that the Black fought well. Crib himself, we understand, says, that he hits with a strength which no other man possesses; and the face of the champion bears ample testimony to the truth of his assertion. He was very much disfigured.—Molineux sparred neatly early in the fight, but he lost his science after he had been a good deal punished. We must, however, confess it struck us that the Black *shyed* his adversary: he seemed from the very first to be afraid of him,—and with the inclination to rush in and sacrifice him to his rage, to couple a dread of the consequences. During the last rounds he fought like a frantic fellow, and fell like a log: his seconds had to lift him up as they would a lump of lead, and lead him to his man as they would a child. After the 11th round he could not again by any means be brought up,—and Crib was proclaimed victor by shouts which rent the skies.—The Black, after the fight, lay extended on the stage in a most piteous manner,—as if dead. The surgeon he brought with him from London bled him, and after some time had elapsed he was enabled to crawl to his chaise, supported by two friends, with his body bent like an S.—The victor, when his conquest was announced, sprung up from the stage, and cut several capers, to shew that he was yet in a condition to take and give more *hammering*.

No one can say, that in this battle Molineux had not fair play shewn him:—we would, however suggest that the cries of exultation, which proceeded from the champion's numerous friends, when the advantage seemed on his side, must have had the effect of *cowing* the Baltimore man:—we think, in decency and generosity, they ought to have been omitted.—Molineux, it is said, had provoked a good deal of feeling against him, by savage denunciations of vengeance, and vapouring professions of what he would do to Crib. These are certainly sufficiently disgusting and repugnant to the spirit of Englishmen: but it ought not to have been forgotten that Molineux is a stranger—that he gave a proof of his courage by offering a general challenge—and that he came to the fight unsupported by friends of note, while the champion had all the *flash-men* in his train. It is said this latter circumstance preyed much on the mind of the Black, and occasioned him to, what is technically termed, *funck*.

On Sunday, Crib passed through Stamford, and on Monday he arrived in London in a barouche and four horses, decorated with blue ribbonds, with a gentleman amateur and Joe Ward, one of his seconds; and his reception on the road was as great as a gallant officer could have received, bearing a

narrative

narrative of any glorious exploit against a foreign enemy. Not the Admiralty, but Great St. Andrew's-street, Seven Dials, was impassable from the crowd assembled, and the interior of the champion's house was not sufficient to give audience to patrician congratulating amateurs; but the hall of the house is a *coal shed*, and they were received in turn without respect to superior rank. Crib has suffered most about the eyes, which, however, have been well managed, but are very black, and he has not received a solitary body hit. He has cut his hand severely by striking, but he is altogether well. The champion called on Molineux, at the Royal Oak, Greetham. He has suffered most on the left side of his body, which is hideously swollen, and the right side of his head from the neck upwards; his jaw is fractured in two places, and he cannot speak intelligibly. Considerable dissention prevailed amongst persons who had previously been considered good men, and who had declared off their bets. The matter is thus—a certain number of persons had taken odds at about *two to one*, and when the odds became higher, and they found they had been badly to market, they declared themselves *off*, a thing unknown in sporting, after they had been *on*. Amongst the principal of these are some *qui tam* gentry, a *bumb trap*, a *swell*, and a *prig*, who have been followed by others of a better consideration, and the *rumpus* has put the honest better flash to his customers at least.

The champion was evidently much indebted to Captain Barclay's peculiar system of training. With this gentleman he spent the three months immediately previous to the fight; and under his superintendance went through a discipline, and observed a regimen, of the strictest description. They say the champion got terribly tired of these restraints, but his scientific patron, who is supposed to understand training better than any other man in existence, kept him tightly to it. By the means pursued, Crib's body was brought into so high a state of order, that nothing gross or puffy was left about him. He was throughout firm, light, and pure; strong in wind, and hard in flesh. One of the advantages of training is, that in consequence of it the flesh does not so easily inflame or turn black through blows. A man in ill-condition would be blinded by the hits which a trained man will receive without shewing any marks. It is to the great superiority of the Captain's plan that they attribute his successful performance of the famous Barclay match, of a thousand miles in a thousand hours, which many have since tried and failed in, and which it is supposed will long remain unrivalled in athletic exertion.

It is generally understood that Molineux was by no means so strict in his training as he ought to have been. He, in company with Tom Belcher, Richman, &c. took a tour of the country, during the time that the champion was with Captain Barclay,—and exhibited sparring in the different towns. This was a mode of life by no means calculated to produce any desirable effect on the Black, but that of raising him some money. It is also reported that he lived much too freely; and indulged in certain liberties, from which he ought strictly to have abstained. On the day of the fight, he bolted a boiled fowl, an apple pie, and a tankard of beer, for breakfast; viands by no

no means the most proper for the occasion. His more cautious antagonist restricted himself to two slightly boiled eggs.

After Crib and Molineux had retired, a subscription was entered into to form a purse for a second fight. Twenty pounds were collected, of which seventeen were to be the meed of the victor, and three the consolation of the vanquished. *George Crib*, a ten-stone man, and *Edward Maltby*, a countryman, about the same weight, entered the list; and an excessively smart and well-contested battle took place, of about half an hour's duration, in which thirteen rounds were fought. Young Crib was obliged to own the superior prowess of the countryman; he was beaten sadly, while his antagonist scarcely sported a mark. Both sparred well, and fought determinedly. The countryman comes from Bromley Hall, in Nottinghamshire; and it is said walked forty miles the day before. He says he has three brothers, each of whom would beat him with one hand—if so, he must come of a good fighting family.

Thus terminated the athletic exercises of this interesting day—exercises certainly attended with danger and pain to those engaged in them—but what active sport is not? Boxing is a manly and a national exercise; and we hope to see its spirit ever kept up in the country as a preventative of something much worse. The neighbouring towns have been all in a bustle; and the innkeepers have reaped a plentiful harvest. We hear of no accident having occurred. The interest excited in that part of the country was certainly without precedent; and we believe much money was lost and won. It is supposed that at least 10,000 spectators were present at the fight.

Molineux has since received a collection, made by Mr. Jackson, of 49l. 16s. He attributes losing the battle to falling off in wind in the fifth round, and describes Crib as having done him but little injury until this failure in wind; but this is erroneous, although in the heat of action he might not have felt the effects, as Crib always was *in* and fighting with him. It has been said he was neglected by his backers; the fact is, he was backed by subscriptions from several, who undertook only to advance their subscriptions, and consequently had pledged themselves to no responsibility about training. The worst part of the Black's training was the Northern *tour*, which, although it filled his pockets (but he arrived in London pennyless), it subjected him to indiscretions not suitable to a man who was about to fight for 600l. besides being knocked about with the gloves by any one who chose to set to with him.

A bet of rather a singular kind was made between two gentlemen of Portsmouth, depending upon the battle between Crib and Molineux. The winner (who betted upon Crib) *gets a complete suit of clothes,* including every article that can be understood as coming within the meaning of the bet; with the useful appendages of walking-stick and gloves, and a *guinea in his pocket.* The bet has been paid.

A baker in the Borough staked the whole of his personal property, together with the lease of his house (amounting to 1700l.) on the issue of the above battle.—Crib was his favourite.

It is said that Capt. Barclay won 10,000l. on the battle between Crib and Molineux.

CURE

CURE FOR THE DISTEMPER IN DOGS.

Mr. Editor,

WITH great pleasure, and in the hope that you will give it publicity, I send you the following recipe for the cure of the distemper in dogs. Among the disorders to which these our humble companions are liable, this is one of the most general; and, till lately, I have known no cure for it. The following may be depended upon by your readers; and I hope that many will be induced, by their humanity, to copy the recipe, and preserve it.

The ingredients are, *grated lead* in one dose, and *Æthiop's mineral, mixed with sulphur,* in another. The only difficulty is, in determining the quantities for the doses; in proportioning which, I will mention, as a guide, these two very different instances of their application. The reader will ascertain between them the proportions for other instances. A very large dog took, in one dose, half an ounce of sulphur and half an ounce of Æthiop's mineral, mixed together; that is, he took it, at the same time, in balls as large as he could swallow them. This was followed, at the distance of twelve hours, by an ounce of grated lead. A very small dog took, at each dose, *one third* of these quantities. *In both cases, the dogs were in the most painful stages of the disease;* they appeared incurable; and in both instances, the cure has been decisive and perfect. Three or four doses of each preparation, taken alternately, will, in general, be sufficient. The second dose of sulphur and Æthiop's mineral should follow the first dose of grated lead, at the distance of eighteen, or four and twenty hours, according to the strength of the dog; and the other doses, as the coughing, or rising in the throat, if that should still continue, may require them. But very few dogs require more than three doses of the grated lead, which is to be given with some caution, but which is *absolutely necessary and indispensable to the cure.* The other preparation may often be usefully given longer.

The lead should be grated as fine as can be, with a nutmeg-grater, and should be mixed with a little butter, to form a small ball, or bolus.—I am, Sir, your's,

An Old Reader.

WRESTLING.

CARLISLE.

ON the first day of the Carlisle Races, twenty guineas were wrestled for on the Swifts, in a roped ring, sixty yards diameter. We never witnessed so fine an exhibition of agility and nerve, or a diversion that gave such universal satisfaction. The peaceable deportment of the different combatants cannot be too highly praised, as they submitted in all dubious falls, in the most implicit manner, to the decision of the umpire. The wrestling was most severely contested, in the presence of nearly 12,000 people, by some of the most sinewy and active youths that we ever saw enter a ring. We observed amongst the spectators the Marquis of Queensbury, the Earl of Lonsdale, Lord Lowther, Sir James Graham, of Netherby; Sir James Graham, of Kirkstone; Henry Fawcett, Esq. of Portland-place; together with a great concourse of other gentlemen. We understand the Lord Lieutenant expressed

expressed his most unqualified approbation of the diversion, and will annually give it his support, as long as there is not any riot or confusion, which we may venture to pledge ourselves will never be the case, as the wrestlers are in general the sons of respectable yeomen and farmers, in that and the adjoining counties.

Thomas Nicholson, of Threlkeld, near Keswick, who won the first prize, is esteemed one of the first thirteen-stone wrestlers in the kingdom.—John Richardson, of Scaffield-hall, near Kirkoswald, who won the second prize, is allowed by judges to be inferior to no man as a wrestler (being the favourite at setting-to), but he did not wrestle with such luck, *through the ring*, for the first prize, as the champion. He was thrown by one Robert Rowntree, from Bewcastle, in one of the severest struggles ever witnessed; both being fourteen-stone wrestlers, they shewed uncommon muscle when stripped, and Richardson was thrown by a half jirk of the hip, followed up by a sweeping cross-buttock.

Sir James Graham, of Netherby, and Humphrey Senhouse, jun. Esq. of Netherhall, subscribed five guineas, and Lord Lowther and Henry Fawcett, Esq. each two guineas, towards the athletic diversion.

BODMIN.

The wrestling on Bodmin race ground last month, is said to have been attended by four thousand spectators.—But (says an *amateur*) the sport was not equal to expectation; and it was so late before the standers began playing, that it continued by moonlight till near midnight. The prizes were won as follows:

The first, by Richard Jolly, of St Enoder,
2d — Hawke, of St. Kew,
3d — Kendall, of St. Minver,
4th — Hoare, of Warleggan.

Thus all the western men that came up, except Jolly were thrown. Parkyn was present, but did not wrestle. No Devonshire wrestlers attended. Jolly, Hawke, and Cowling, of St. Germans, were nominated of those who are to play for Cornwall, against Devonshire, next summer.

NEW MODE OF CATCHING HAWKS, EAGLES, &c.

A Discovery having been accidentally made of a method of catching hawks, and as these birds make great depredations on our pigeons, partridges, hares, rabbits, and other game, gentlemen and others whose estates are infested by the various species of these birds, may take them in the following simple manner.—Ten hawks were caught this autumn in a cage made upon the plan of the goldfinch trap-cage, only larger. The bait that decoys them into the trap, are two small birds of any kind, but none better than the house-sparrow, as they endure the weather better than others. The hawk-kind are abroad in fine, dry, clear weather, and the cage should be set early in the morning on a hedge, or on some other open place, and left out till late in the evening, or in fine settled weather all night. They have been taken all times of the day, and in close as well as clear weather. In rainy weather these birds do not stir abroad. Those few gentlemen who follow the noble amusement of falconry, may by this method supply

ply themselves with hawks of all ages, without having recourse to the tedious one of taking them from the nest. I do not see why the large birds of prey in Scotland, and the adjacent islands, as eagles, herons, &c. which are so destructive to the fawns, lambs, and kids, and all kinds of game, particularly in the breeding season, when they bring a vast quantity of prey to their young, might not be taken in a trap-cage, made of oak and plated with iron, or some other durable stuff, and of a size proportionate to such birds. The proper bait would naturally occur, and the breeding season and autumn, be the best time for taking them. The eagle when taken might be destroyed, or aviaries supplied with them. The hawk-cage was made by Mr. Pilton, Piccadilly.

AUCEPS.

SALE OF THE LATE SIR SITWELL SITWELL'S STUD,

At Renishaw, Derbyshire, on Saturday, Sept. 21.

No.	Lot	*Gs.*
1.	CŒLEBS, by Sir Peter Teazle or Beningbrough, out of Rally, by Trumpator.—Sold to Mr. Allett for	200
2.	Black Gelding, by Whiskey, out of Palma.—Col. Udney	70
3.	Reveller, by Sir Solomon, dam by Pontac.—Major Pigott	215
4.	Avena, by Shuttle, out of Hyale.—Stinted to Sorcerer.—Mr. Weatherby	210
5.	Gooseander, by Hambletonian, out of Rally.—Stinted to Sir Paul.—Mr. Thornhill	260
6.	Bay Filly, by Walton, out of Gooseander.—Mr. Vernon	70
7.	Lavinia, by Pipator, out of Dick Andrews' dam.—Stinted to Clinker.—Mr. Allett	135
8.	Ches. Filly, by Beningbrough, out of Lavinia.—Mr. Allett	60
9.	Palma, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Palmflower.—Stinted to Hambletonian.—Mr. Crockford	265
10.	Bay Colt, by Beningbrough, out of Palma.—Mr. Wortley	165
11.	Bronze, own Sister to Castrel and Selim, by Buzzard.—Stinted to Clinker.—Mr. Butler	345
12.	Brown Colt, by Sorcerer, out of Bronze.—Mr. Weatherby	225
13.	Buttercup, by Beningbrough, out of Hyale.—Stinted to Stamford.—Mr. Weatherby	305
14.	Bay Colt, by Young Whiskey, out of Buttercup.—General Grosvenor	70
15.	Epsom-Lass, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Alexina, by King Fergus.—Stinted to Sir David.—Mr. Andrew	325
16.	Ches. Filly, by Beningbrough, out of Epsom-Lass.—Mr. Weatherby	110
17.	Hyale, by Phenomenon, out of Rally.—Stinted to Hambletonian.—Mr. Thornhill	300
18.	Ches. Colt, by Beningbrough, out of Hyale.—Lord Stamford	155
19.	Hannah, own Sister to Agnes, by Sorcerer, out of Amelia, by Highflyer.—Stinted to Hambletonian.—Sir W. Milner	160
20.	Bay Filly, by Beningbrough, out of Hannah.—Sir W. Milner	50

21.	L'Huile de Venus, by Whiskey, out of Mrs. Clark, by Pot8o's.—Stinted to Hambletonian.—Mr. Andrew	Gs. 460
22.	Black Colt, by Sorcerer, out of L'Huile de Venus.—Mr. Weatherby	255
23.	Black Colt, by Sorcerer, dam by Sir Peter, out of Nanette, by John Bull.—Mr. Weatherby	120
24.	Ches. Colt, by Beningbrough, out of Hyale.—Mr. Weatherby	170
25.	Bay Colt, by Whiskey, out of Buttercup.—Gen. Grosvenor	225
26.	Ches. Colt, by Sir Oliver, out of Lavinia.—Gen. Grosvenor	95
27.	Brown Filly, by Beningbrough, out of Palma.—Mr. Wortley	125
28.	Brown Filly, by Orville, out of Bronze.—Mr. Vernon	155
29.	Bay Colt, by Whiskey, dam Shelah, by Hambletonian, out of Skypeeper, by Highflyer.—Gen. Grosvenor	110
30.	Brown Colt, by Orville, out of the dam of No. 23.—Mr. Glover	105

*** Several of the above stud, were bought by commission.

PRESERVATION OF GAME.

Mr. Editor,

THE association for the protection of the game formed at Ellesmere, and that at Oswestry, I am well satisfied, has had a very considerable good effect in checking the poaching system.

The spirited manner pursued by those gentlemen in the detection and prosecution of the idle and the dissolute, in the destruction of the game, cannot fail in a very little time to answer fully their intentions. In my neighbourhood, since the association was formed at Oswestry, (which I may be allowed to say is in its infancy), it has already put down several notorious poachers, who, before, relying in chief on the old adage, that "What is every one's business is no one's," have committed their depredations for a long season with impunity; but who have now laid down their guns, snares, &c. and very prudently have taken to honest labour, by which their wives and families can have some reliance on a maintenance; for what these men before obtained by poaching was chiefly deposited at public-houses. I have no doubt when these men come to reflect on the comfort procured to themselves and relatives by the gains of useful labour—the security they will feel by being at home with their families, in the stead of absconding in the dread of prosecutions, they will thank the associations, who have been the cause of it.

The associations going forward for the protection of the fisheries deserve every praise, and equally claim the attention of the landed sportsman. Liberal subscriptions should be made to carry their endeavours into full effect; and a few years will shew, under similar rules of the Shrewsbury Committee, a most astonishing increase of the aquatic species; thereby affording food for thousands, some of whom have seldom known the taste of fish. By such associations every kind of game will be multiplied: and if the gentlemen, who have begun a work or measure so laudable, were to take it into consideration, whether it may not be proper to put the fisheries on some sort of regulation, with the land Game

Laws,

Laws, in my humble opinion, it is not unworthy of their thoughts. I can assure you, Mr. Editor, that such has been the scarcity of game in my neighbourhood, that I have not carried a gun or taken out a licence for two years past, wholly owing to (the general complaint) poachers. If these associations are pursued with vigour, which I hope they will be, I do not in the least doubt, but that in a few years, a poacher will not be found on land or water. The idea of the benefit arising to the country in the preservation of the game of all kinds, may be carried to a high degree; it may, in a time of great scarcity of grain and vegetables, afford a most salutary relief, by giving freedom to the woods, the fields, and the rivers, then abounding in plenty, to supply the defect of a blighted harvest.—It is, in fact, laying up no insignificant store against a famine; and those who have made it their business to destroy millions of the brood of fish, almost in embryo, on reflection had better been employed, as many of their brethren are, in honest labour. It is not the gentlemen who monopolise the fowls or the fish, but the poacher is the monopoliser, and not those who preserve the game from destruction, as generally, but erroneously they are thought to be. To preserve the game is for the general benefit of every class of society, and the poacher should *himself be hunted as a beast of prey.*—I am, Mr. Editor, your very humble servant, D.

Shrewsbury.

SICILIAN COOKERY.

A Modern Author gives us the following humorous description of the style of cooking in the Island of Sicily.

"The style of their cookery is exceedingly unpalatable to the English country gentlemen at first, who have been accustomed at home to good roast and boiled. All is stewed and compounded, no wholesome-looking English brown.—Three English hungry officers, newly arrived, dining at an hotel, were woefully annoyed at seeing each dish less to their way of thinking than the last—at length, upon the appearance of the roast beef, about three pounds stewed with truffles, (and a stew, I must tell you, is, in Italian, stufato; therefore, "this stew" is "questo stufato") they lost all their patience; and after a consultation, one of them, who considered his Italian about equal to the undertaking, took upon himself to *talk* to the cook. When the *professor* appeared, a statue of surprise, the Englishman burst out, "Come here, you d—d rascal! questo stufato!—questo stufato!—is not eatable, by G—d!"

"The Sicilians themselves are beginning, as far as they can, to adopt certain English dishes, such as roast beef, chiefly, I believe, out of compliment to the English. Their success does not altogether keep place, I fear, with their civility; although either we are more reconciled to English cookery disfigured, or they look more like a something that's English. At first they were not quite so promising. When I had been three months in the country, I dined with my good friend Signor Marchetti, at Contessa; who is always most kind and attentive to the English; and wishing to ascertain the style of their entertainments, I took occasion to ask him, pending the first

first course, 'whether the dinner might be called strictly Sicilian?' 'No!' said Signor Marchetti, as he threw himself back in his chair, with surprise and vexation, 'it is English! absolutely English! I ordered my cook to give us nothing but English; this must be complimentary, Signor; only three months in this country, and forgot your own cookery!" I apologised for my foolish abstraction, and, looking again, I observed the three dishes on my side the table were, a large dish of olives, a plate of anchovies swimming in oil, and the third, Bologna sausages cut into slices."

SALE OF THE STUD OF W. N. W. HEWETT, ESQ.

At Doncaster, on Wednesday, Sept. 25, by Auction.

1.	ELIZA, by Highflyer, out of Augusta, by Eclipse.—Stinted to Sir David.—Sold to Mr. Agar for	*Gs.* 55
2.	Hornpipe, by Trumpator, out of Luna, by King Herod.—Stinted to Scud.—Mr. Vernon	125
3.	Miss Zilia Teazle, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Zilia, by Eclipse.—Stinted to Scud.—Mr. Smith	62
4.	Teazle Ovna, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Eliza.—Stinted to Scud.—Mr. Allett	150
5.	Moorcock Mare, out of a Sister to Soldier, by Eclipse.—Stinted to Sir David.—Mr. Allett	80
6.	Buzzard Mare, out of Calash, by King Herod.—Stinted to Sir David.—Mr. Vernon	195
7.	Miss Eliza Teazle, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Eliza.—Stinted to Sir David.—Mr. Mellish	185
8.	Chesnut Mare, by Beningbrough or Zachariah, out of No. 6.—Stinted to Sir David.—Mr. T. Shafto	110
9.	Jametta, by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Miss Eliza Bull, by John Bull.—Stinted to Sir David.—Mr. Painter	150
10.	Lady Erne, by Stamford, dam by Trumpator, out of Demirep.—Stinted to Scud.—Mr. Croft	81
11.	Dungannon Mare, out of an own Sister to Brunette, by Squirrel.—Stinted to Sir David.—Mr. T. Shafto	115
12.	Brown Filly, by Paynator, out of No. 11.—Mr. Agar	52
13.	Bay Colt, by Sancho, out of Eliza.—Mr. Vernon	170
14.	Bay Colt, by Sir Paul, out of No. 6.—Sir G. Armytage	120
15.	Bay Colt, by Ditto Ditto, dam by Ormond.—Mr. Fisher	19
16.	Brown Filly, by Sancho, out of No. 7.—Mr. Thornhill	60
17.	Bay Filly, by Sir Paul, out of No. 5.—Mr. Tibbet	35
18.	Bay Colt, by Orville, out of Hornpipe.—Mr. Kirby	150
19.	Brown Colt, by Orville, out of Teazle Ovna.—Mr. Kirby	85
20.	Brown Colt, by Sorcerer, out of No. 6.—Mr. Glover	140
21.	Ches. Colt, by Dick Andrews, out of No. 8.—Mr. Vernon	65
22.	Bay Filly, by Orville, out of No. 5.—Mr. Allett	70
23.	Bay Filly, by Orville, out of No. 11.—Mr. Douglas	55

*** Several of the above Stud, were bought by commission.

MATCHES

MATCHES AGAINST TIME—LATE HORRID BARBARITY.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

SOME nonsensical additions were tacked by a wag, in the public papers, to the conditions of Mr. Palmer's match to Margate. All he undertook was, to drive his horse thither (seventy-two miles) in twelve hours, to be at liberty to choose his companion in the chaise. The gelding had before performed as much, and in all probability, would have again succeeded, had his sinews stood sound, but unfortunately he broke down, some distance on the other side Canterbury. Without knowing either the man or the horse, I fear it is probable enough that the former did not pay sufficient previous attention to the horse's state of soundness and aptitude for so considerable an undertaking, and if so, he committed a too common act of cruelty and folly, of which it becomes a publication like your's, devoted equally to instruction and amusement, to warn such persons.

Another late chaise-match was by Mr. Willard, of Duke-street, Oxford-street, to drive a horse under fourteen hands, drawing sixteen stone, to Maidenhead, twenty-six miles, in one hour and three quarters. This little horse performed the first fifteen miles in fifty-six minutes, but was beaten by that unconquerable racer, old Time, at the twentieth mile. My first observation on this match is, that it evinces far more of fool-hardiness and insensibility in the maker, than of saving prudence, or critical skill in the probabilities of success, or in the animal powers. But I have another motive for the introduction of a notice of Willard's match.

Your preceding pages, but the exact numbers have escaped my memory, exhibited to your sporting readers, a most swelling and flourishing account of a horse of Mr. Weston, having performed fourteen miles in one hour, with a light machine purposely constructed, and coached by Mr. Hull, over the lightest and most level road in Britain. All the newspapers of the day, too, were full of this incomparable performance, which it was asserted, had never been equalled, nor was probable to be equalled, far less exceeded. I wrote two papers soon after in this Magazine, using the best reasons my experience afforded me, to prove that the performance, far from being worthy of such high encomium, was, in reality, a matter of no vast difficulty, but within the powers of any speedy trotter, which had sufficient substance for draught. Now, did real judges want any practical confirmation of the above reasoning, Mr. Willard's match would be sufficiently satisfactory, notwithstanding that it is not explained, whether his horse's performance was limited to the trot; since it is well known, that a trotter constantly habituated to that pace, and having usually almost as much speed in his trot as his gallop, would perform fourteen miles, in harness more particularly, full as soon in the former as the latter pace.

It has been matter of wonder, Sir, considering the humane character of your Magazine, and its increasing circulation on that account among others, that you should have omitted the relation of a most horrible accumulation of barbarous inflictions, perpetrated upon a poor horse in Essex, which appeared in most

most of the public newspapers, in the Monthly Magazine, and which is said to be, at this instant, under the inquisition of a Noble Lord, the great patron of humanity to animals. I beg leave to remind you, that your Magazine, as a chronicle of events relative to animals, more especially horses, is incomplete without that most extraordinary relation to which I allude; and which, in essentials, most unfortunately for the honour of the English character, stands uncontradicted. This memento is in the behalf of many of your old and original subscribers, as well as of, your's most truly, with the best wishes,

AN OLD JOCKEY.

The article alluded to was not overlooked by the Editor, but delayed in the hope that its truth or falsehood would ere now have been substantiated by real signatures; that, however, not being the case, we readily insert the particulars of the transaction as given in the cotemporary Publication referred to by our friendly Correspondent.

"About three weeks ago, a person, who had hitherto passed under the denomination of a gentleman, in the county of Essex, and residing not far out of the high road from London to Chelmsford, on his horse starting with him, struck him most violently with his whip, and in consequence the animal reared up and threw him. On getting up the rider whipped him as long as he was able, and then, taking him home into stable, renewed the beating with the assistance of his son, and continued it with so much severity, that the poor animal broke from his halter, and, in his agony and terror, rushed through the stable door, which was torn in pieces. His merciless assailants pursued him into a small yard, and there again fell upon him, and, after lashing him till they were tired, went within doors for some refreshment, that the master might wreak a farther vengeance on his animal. The barbarous assault was soon recommenced, and, after long continuance, the maddened animal flew at some high paling, but in this desperate attempt to escape he broke both his legs, just above the fetlock joints, and instantly fell. It might naturally be supposed, that the most brutal revenge would have been satiated; but far otherwise: for his carcase butchers no sooner saw their victim thus maimed on the ground, than, fetching two case-knives, they immediately cut off the two feet from the limbs, then cut his throat, and afterwards made an effort, but in vain, to sever the head from the body. They then betook themselves to slice the trembling flesh into numberless pieces; and, their man being in an adjoining field at plough, these were wheeled out in a barrow, and dropped at regular intervals between the furrows, in order, no doubt, to reap a profitable harvest hereafter from this atrocious deed. The horse was reckoned in the neighbourhood a good-tempered animal, and estimated at the value of one hundred guineas."

The only reply which has hitherto been made to, the above appaling and disgusting detail, is as follows, and which appeared in a Chelmsford paper last August.

"We are authorised to acquaint the public, that the account published in some of the London papers respecting the uncommon barbarity used towards a horse, by a gentleman and his son, residing near the high road, between London and Chelmsford, is a fabrication by some person, who must be much more vile than the characters, (supposing

posing them to exist) there traduced, in attempting to harrow up the feelings of humanity, by such an atrocious detail. We are desired to add, that the death of the horse was nearly instantaneous; and it was much more humane to destroy, than to suffer it to exist, under all the circumstances that really occurred, and which were the effect of accident."

In answer to this very insufficient extenuation for the death of the horse, under the occurrence of certain circumstances acknowledged, the following particulars are submitted. The Editor of the *Morning Herald*, thus answers several of his correspondents, who doubted the truth of the statement.

"The person who committed this horrible act, has been made known to us by respectable characters of his neighbourhood, and who, we understand, are taking the proper steps for a legal disclosure of the perpetrating monster."

Immediately on the affair coming to my own knowledge, unable to obtain rest from my outraged sensibilities, and determined to contribute my mite in the sacred cause of humanity, I entreated a respectable and intelligent friend to make general enquiry at Romford market, among those persons nearest resident to the supposed perpetrator's. His report is, that the dreadful tale was too true in most, or all, of its horrid circumstances; that, indeed, the poor animal was suddenly dispatched, but it was subsequently to the infliction of the horrid cruelties described.

The following circumstance we are sorry to say, bears a too strong resemblance to the facts just given: A few days ago, as Lieutenant Wadley, of the Wilts Regiment, was walking on the Beach, with a friend, near the Upper Hardway, Portsmouth, their progress was arrested by the sight of a miserable horse, 'aged, and poor,' standing in the shafts of a cart, but nearly dropping from fatigue and loss of blood. On enquiring of the neighbours the cause of the horrid appearance of the animal, they were answered, the owner had been beating it over the head, with a large stick, till it broke, and had then glutted his revenge, by violently thrusting the broken fragment up the nostrils of the unresisting and persecuted beast, till it bled so profusely, that it was nearly exhausted. On their expressing their horror at the conduct of the merciless owner, Thomas Day, of Elson, appeared. He came with a bucket of water which was dashed at the head of the animal, to staunch, if possible, the blood; accompanied with blasphemous threats of future punishment. The horse naturally threw back his head, as the water approached him, upon which the enraged owner seized him on both sides of the head, and held him, till he was tired by kicking him on the chest and legs. On the gentlemen interfering, they received a volley of abuse, but on one of them going to the head of the cart, to take down his name and place of residence, he endeavoured to explain the motives of his conduct; but that of course was not listened to; and the following day information was laid before a magistrate, at Gosport, in hopes that such brutality would be legally punished. The worthy magistrate expressed the greatest abhorrence at the inhuman conduct described, and regretted that the act was not cognizable by law! A gentleman in the navy was witness to

to the transaction, and he had written to the magistrate alluded to, prior to his being waited on by the above gentlemen· and it appears they have quietly to submit to the injury their feelings have sustained, as the laws of civilised Britain cannot, in this instance, punish the offender against the laws of humanity! Had Lord Erskine's Bill passed into a law, such disgraceful scenes of inhumanity might have been prevented.

PUGILISTIC DINNER,

WITH AN

ENGRAVING OF CRIB'S ARMS, &c.

IN another part of our present Number, we have given ample details of the late combat between the Champion, Crib, and his sable antagonist; since which, a very splendid dinner has been given at Gregson's, in Holborn, to Crib, by a numerous party of pugilistic Amateurs, in consideration of his many well and hard-earned contests, but more particularly on account of his having a second time vanquished his *once-terrific* opponent, who may now aptly say with the Poet, "Othello's occupation's gone!"

Crib took the chair at the dinner above mentioned, and supported it, (if not gracefully) at least modestly. There was no vainglorious boasting, for he seldom spoke, except in his official situation as Chairman, and there he was never vociferous, except when prompted by gratitude to give the healths of Sir H. Smith, Captain Barclay, ——— Harrison, Esq. and other friends and benefactors. Several excellent songs were sung, one of which, written for the purpose (we believe by Gregson) was enthusiastically received, and loudly encored, and appears in our Poetical department.—Poor Bob (Gregson) the *pugilistic Poet Laureat*, (for so we may justly style him) then proposed the health of Crib, the Champion of England, to which he would fain have added a few comments, by way of eulogium; but, either diffident, or alarmed at the *Chairman's* deficiency in oratory, he seemed to content himself with the old adage, "the least said is soonest mended," and resumed his seat accordingly. The Chairman then returned thanks as well as he could, but he evidently looked and felt more than he could otherwise express.

The company, though consisting chiefly of fighting men and lovers of *fisty-cuffs*, never had recourse to them, but met and parted with the utmost harmony, though not till they had unanimously voted to Crib

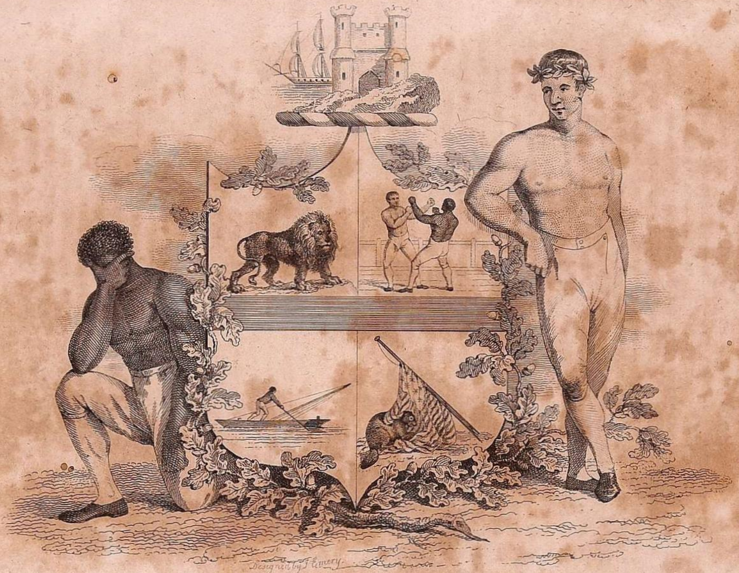
A Silver Cup, value Fifty Guineas,

For his uniform, determined bravery in all his combats, but more particularly those with Molineux, where he contended not only for individual fame, but for nationality sake also; as it is well ascertained nothing but a foreigner, and *such* a foreigner, would ever have induced him to enter a ring again.

The arms of Crib were designed and executed (at the request of several Noblemen and Gentlemen) by Mr. Emery of Covent-Garden Theatre, the productions of whose pencil have several times embellished our work, and whose taste for the fine arts is only secondary to his abilities as a Comedian.

Having been favoured with a Fac Simile of the Arms, we thought an Engraving of them would be satisfactory to our readers; in

proceeding



And damn'd be him that first cries, Hold, enough.

Shakespeare.

proceeding to describe which, however, we must premise, that for such a purpose, and on such an occasion, the strict rules of Heraldry are not to be expected.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ARMS.

The CREST—The Bristol Arms, the place of Crib's nativity.

In the *First Quarter*, the British Lion is looking down with stern regard on the American Flag, half mast high (in the *Fourth Quarter*); the Beaver, symbolic of the latter country, hiding his head under its folds, alluding to Molineux's defeat.

In the *Second Quarter*, the combatants are setting-to.—And

In the *Third Quarter*, Crib is viewed in his coal-barge, illustrative of his trade.

The SUPPORTERS—represent the Champion looking with an eye of commiseration on his vanquished opponent.

MOTTO—" And damn'd be him who first cries, Hold! enough!"

SHAKESPEAR.

MARLBOROUGH COURSING.

MARLBOROUGH Coursing Meetings have commenced for the season—the first was held on the 14th and 15th instant. The weather proved particularly fine.—The venerable Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, Sir W. Barker, and other distinguished sportsmen, to the number of nearly three hundred, attended the meeting. The sport was excellent.

FIRST DAY.

Lord Chief Justice Mansfield's Madam beat Mr. Jones's Jessica.

Sir W. Barker's Beauty agst Mr. Goodlake's Goth; undecided.

Mr. Jones's Jet beat Mr. Wooldrish's Woodcock.

Sir Wm. Barker's Balloon beat the Chief Justice's Monday.

Mr. Jones's Juba beat the Chief Justice's Milo.

Mr. Wooldrish's Wing beat Mr. Goodlake's Gog.

Mr. Goodlake's Glory beat the Chief Justice's Mahomet.

Sir Wm. Barker's Blast beat Mr. Jones's Joker.

Mr. Wooldrish's Whiff agst Mr. Jones's Jasper; undecided.

Mr. Jones's Jester beat Sir Wm. Barker's Bat.

Mr Goodlake's Grace beat Sir Wm. Barker's Bet.

Mr. Goodlake's Goliah beat Mr. Jones's Justice.

SECOND DAY.

Mr. Jones's Juba beat the Lord Chief Justice's Milo.

The Chief Justice's Mahomet agst Mr. Goodlake's Glory; undecided.

Sir Wm. Barker's Balloon beat the Chief Justice's May.

Mr. Goodlake's Gnat beat the Chief Justice's Mermaid.

Mr. Jones's Jumper beat the Chief Justice's Madam.

Mr. Wooldrish's Wag beat Sir Wm. Barker's Blast.

Mr Jones's Jet beat Mr. Davenport's Dice.

Mr. Goodlake's Gog beat Mr. Wooldrish's Woodcock.

Mr. Wooldrish's Wing agst Mr. Goodlake's Grace; undecided.

Mr. Davenport's Drone beat Mr. Jones's Joker.

The Chief Justice's Monday agst Mr. Davenport's Drab; undecided.

Sir W. Barker's Bat agst Mr. Davenport's Drill; undecided.

Sir W. Barker's Bachelor agst Mr. Jones's Jasper; undecided.

SONGS OF THE CHASE.

A Second edition of this neat little volume has just made its appearance, (published by Sherwood, Neely, and Jones); we find that the errata has been corrected, and the whole improved. The beautiful embellishments by Messrs. Marshall, Scott, and Clennel, appear with undiminished brilliancy. Some specimens of this interesting collection have been given in our poetical department, and we can confidently recommend it to sportsmen in general, as the only work to furnish them with songs peculiarly calculated to enliven their social hours.

FEAST OF WIT.

A Gentleman just come from Ireland, had, in his haste of departure from Cork, dropped in the streets a 50l. Bank af England note, which he did not miss until his arrival in London, and not knowing the number, he could only transmit to his friend a vague account of the accident. It happened, however, in the mean time, that two soldiers in the Irish militia picked up the note, and deeming it to be equal property between them, thought that the readiest way of dividing it would be cutting it into two, and each taking half. But, unluckily, upon applying for payment for his moiety, each was surprised to learn, that though the half of 50l. is indisputably worth 25l. the half a 50l. *note* is, alone, worth nothing. This obstacle, and the mirth excited by the simplicity of the two martial Hibernians, gave a publicity to the occurrence, the result of which has been the recovery of the money by the gentleman, who considered it as lost.

Irish Wit.—One of the Chief Justices in the last century, more remarkable for his boisterous loquacity than his professional skill, was one day addressing a Jury at a Country Assizes, and being several times interrupted by the braying of an ass, who stood at the Court door, repeatedly desired the Crier to call silence! An Irish Barrister, whose celebrity in law was only equalled by his vivacity in conversation, observed to a brother lawyer who was sitting near him, in a low tone of voice, "There's a great echo in this Court!"

Two French physicians were conversing together about their affairs; one of them was complaining of his want of success at Paris. For my part, said the other, I succeed very well in the country since I became a *proprietor*; I have purchased the *church-yard* of Orleans, and have *furnished* it.

IMPROMPTU,

On its being said, in allusion to the late battle, that Molineux had been "*sold*."

The Black to say, at least is bold,
That in the battle he was *sold*:
If so—*by Auction*—for 'tis known,
When he was sold, Crib *knock'd him down!*

Women and Comets.—A respondent observes, that 'though he will not, like many men of learning, attempt to tell us what a comet is, he will tell us to what he thinks it is most analagous, and that is—to Woman. Yes, to woman, lovely, bewitching, enchanting woman; she who for an apple damned mankind, who laid Old Troy in ashes, and who lost Mark Anthony the World. Comets, doubtless, answer some wise and good purpose in the creation; so do Women. Comets are incomprehensible, beautiful, and eccentric; so are Women. Comets shine with peculiar splendour, but at night appear most brilliant; so do Women. Comets are enveloped with

with a lucid nebula, through which their forms are visible; so are those of Women through their light and elegant attire. Comets confound the most learned when they attempt to ascertain their nature; so do Women. Comets equally excite the admiration of the philosopher and of "the clod of the valley;" so do Women.—Comets and Women, therefore, are closely analogous; but the nature of each being inscrutable, all that remains for us to do is, to view with admiration the one, and to adoration love the other."

OPTICAL DECEPTIONS.

Tom runs from his wife, to get rid of his trouble,
He drinks and he drinks till he sees all things double;
But when he has ceas'd wine and brandy to mingle,
Oh! what would he give could he see himself single.

Anecdote of the late C. J. Fox.—When this celebrated character was quite in his juvenile days, he strolled one morning into the kitchen, and espying a pig basting at the fire, he amused himself by p—g upon it. The cook having received orders from his father not to contradict him on any occasion, dared not bestow any wholesome correction on the young gentleman for this exploit, but thought it better, nevertheless, to give the guests warning of this *nouvelle* sauce, which he did by attaching a label, containing the following lines, to the mouth of the pig:—

If strong and savory I do taste,
'Tis in the liquor that did me baste;
While at the fire I foam'd and hiss'd,
A *Fox's* cub upon me p—d!

The poetry, and concomitant explanation, did not fail producing a hearty laugh.

FAMILY QUARRELS.

Says a friend to a Paddy, "I see
"That you make a most horrible clatter,
"Your wife and you never agree,
"Pray tell me the cause of the matter?"

Replies Paddy, "'Tis asy to find
"The rason of this sad disaster,
"'Tis *because we are both of a mind*—
"For we both of us want to be MASTER."

At the last assizes, a Counsellor asked an old farmer in the course of cross-examination, "If he were not very rich?" "Tolerably well in that respect," replied the rustic, "but I would exchange half my *gold* for half your *brass* with all my heart."

A gentleman praising the *personal charms* of a very *plain* woman, a friend whispered, and why don't you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty? What right have I to her? said the other: "Every right, by the law of all nations, as the *first discoverer*."

Irish Silence.—Some of the Dublin papers, in their account of the toasts drank at the Lord Mayor's dinner in that city, state amongst others the following—"The memory of William Pitt, with *three times three* in *solemn silence*."

Do you know, said a certain person to Mrs. C. that your relation is going to publish his *detached thoughts?* If he had taken my advice, she replied, he would have *detached* himself from these *thoughts* long ago.

A well-known miser not having given an entertainment during a summer, and his ice-house remaining still quite full in the month of January,

January, his Steward asked him what he should do with all the ice? "Why?" replied Mr. B. "let it be *given to the poor*."

ON A LATE RETURN FROM INDIA.

With scarce a covering o'er his b—m,
TOM, into foreign climes would roam,
And in some years return'd again,
Pride, Pomp, and Fortune in his train;
But so much alter'd with his lot,
TOM'S old acquaintance knew him not;
Now, where's the wonder? since his pelf
Has made the fool *forget himself.*

THE late Dr. Barton, of Merton College, Oxford, was a man of humour and of cheerful disposition: that he was no enemy to a *pun*, the two following will bear testimony. Being in company with a gentleman who had just printed two heavy folios, the Doctor humourously observed, that the publication was deficient in many respects. The Author endeavoured to defend his volumes in the best manner he was able. "Pray, Sir," says Barton, 'ar'n't you a justice o'peace?" "I am," replied the author; "then I advise you to send your work to *the House of Correction*."

EPIGRAM.

Bound on a long trip, TOM took leave of his Sweet,
And observed, it might hap, they would ne'er again meet;
"Be not griev'd, my dear husband—don't cry my Dear TOM,
"For we'll certainly meet in the World to come;"
"With such bother," cries TOM, "do not think I'll be cramm'd,
"For if we do meet there, my Duck, *I'll be damn'd!*"

A MEDICAL gentleman, the other day, observing a Lady, in a very ill state of health, stepping out of a post-chaise, where a servant was scouring the doorway, politely assisted her, saying, "Allow me, Madam, to prevent your *kicking the bucket*."

THE celebrated Malherbe having been asked by the Archbishop of Rouen to attend to hear a sermon which the latter was about to preach, went to dine with the Prelate, and after dinner fell asleep. On the Archbishop waking him, to take him to hear the sermon, Malherbe said, "I thank you, Monseigneur, *I have slept well without it*."

CRIB'S low occupation of keeping a *coal-shed* has hurt the feelings of some of his Right Honourable patrons, who insist that he shall take the name of *Count Saxe!*

EPIGRAM.

TOM TART declares that womankind
To tattle are so much inclin'd,
Not one of them can silence keep,
Her tongue will wag, ev'n in her sleep,
And ev'ry secret she is told
She will unwarily unfold,
Excepting one, which he'll engage
She ll never blab—that is *her age!*

SIR Boyle Roach had a servant, who was as great an original as his master. Two days after the death of the Baronet, the man waited upon a gentleman, who had been a most intimate friend of Sir Boyle, for the purpose of telling him that the time at which the funeral was to have taken place had been changed. "Sir," says he, "my master sends his compliments to you, and he won't be buried till tomorrow evening."

THE *sporting* season having commenced, a punster observes, that the Citizens have very properly selected Alderman *Hunter* for Lord Mayor, and Sheriff *Birch* as *Whipper-in.*

SPORT-

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

AT the Curragh September Meeting, the Northumberland Cup (value 2000gs.) and a Stake of 200gs. each, was won by Mr. Browne's English horse Pope, by Shuttle, 4 yrs old, beating Colonel Loftus's Irish horse Hollyhock, by Master Bagot.—5 to 2 on Hollyhock.

The above Cup was a gift by the Duke of Northumberland, and is transferable to the owner of the best horse in Ireland.

The following horses are engaged to run for it at the Spring Meeting, over the course, and to stake 200gs. each.

	st.	lb.
Col. Loftus's Hollyhock, aged	9	0
Mr. Whaley's Sunbeam, 5 yrs old	8	8
Mr. Bruen's Whitenose, 5 yrs old	8	8
Mr. Browne's Pope, 4 yrs old	7	11
Mr. Daly's Fitzharding, 4 yrs old	7	11
Mr. Caldwell's Truant, 4 yrs old	7	11

Betting 6 to 4 on the three English horses (Sunbeam, Whitenose, and Pope), agst the other three.

THE Edinburgh Turf Course is, for the future, to occupy the Meadows and part of the Links:—two meetings are intended to take place annually.

RICHMOND Races, (Yorkshire) which commenced the 2d instant, were attended by all the principal families in the North Riding and neighbouring counties. The Assembly Rooms were crowded more than ever remembered. The ordinaries were excellently served up, and above one hundred dined on Wednesday. Sir B. R. Graham and Mr. Yeoman are appointed Stewards for 1812. The Stakes for 1812 have many Subscribers.—The weather was remarkably fine, and the ground in good order.—Amongst the company present were the following:—Duke of Leeds, Lord Dundas, Hon. W. O. Powlett, Hon. W. Vane, Hon. Colonel R. Dundas, Hon. G. Monson, Sir R. D. Hildyard, Sir E. Smith, Sir W. Gerard, Sir B. R. Graham; Messrs. Allen, Barrett, Chaloner, R. Bell, Pierse, Treacher, Baker, Riddell, Jadis, Wycliffe, T. Shafto, L. W. Hartley, and Morley; Captain Healey, General Wharton, &c.

JOHN Egerton, Esq. M. P. for Chester, and Thomas Fitzgerald, Esq. of Swinnerton, are appointed Stewards for next year's Stafford races.

THE Stewards appointed for Oswestry Races, next year, are Major Pelham and W. Owen, Esq. The Town Subscription Plate, which was run for on the 3d race day, has been referred to the Jockey Club; Cockspinner having claimed it on the ground of Hylas not having carried the proper weight.

WALSALL Races, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, were very numerously attended, and the running for the Stakes and Plate finely contested. The spectators were highly gratified,

fied, and expressed the strongest approbation; and the amateurs of the turf enjoyed a treat. The grand stand, which has been compleated at an expence of 1500l. filled very respectably. The assemblies displayed much beauty and fashion; and the ordinary, at the George Inn, where Sir John Wrottesley, and Sir Robert Lawley, Barts. (Sir Robert Lawley for Thomas Giffard, jun. Esq. being on duty with his regiment) Stewards of the races, presided, was well attended. The distinguished Chairman gave some excellent toasts, and the evening was spent with the greatest hilarity.

Basingstoke Races, Hants, after a lapse of some years, were renewed with fresh spirit last month, and were most numerously and fashionably attended. The sport both days was capital, and from the good order which was maintained, and the great attention of the Stewards, they bid fair to rival the most celebrated races. The ordinaries were honoured by the presence of many of the first sporting characters, and the balls displayed a brilliant assemblage of the neighbouring nobility and gentry.

A schism seems to have taken place between the managers of the Bath Races and the gentlemen of Bristol, who subscribed 100gs. for a Plate to be run for at the Bath Races. Mr. Sadler, the depository of the subscription, in a letter to Mr. Thornhill, late Steward of the Bath Races, enters into a justification of his conduct for withholding the money, and subjoins several resolutions passed at a meting of the Subscribers, "which resolutions," he affirms, "do most complete refute the comtemptible insinuations you have been pleased to advance, against me." It appears from the resolutions, that "the money subscribed was positively intended to be called a *Bristol Plate*;" that when this resolution was communicated to Sir John Hawkins, by Mr. Thornhill, he made use of the following expression—"It is a piece of Bristol pride, and I'll be d——d if they shall have it so."—In consequence of this refusal, and the above expression, the Bristol Infirmary *came in for the plate.*

Paris Sporting.—The race for the grand prize of 4000 francs, took place on the 8th instant, in the Champs-de-Mars, between the horses which had won prizes of 2000 francs in the departments where racing is practised. The prize was to be adjudged for the horse which gained two out of three heats, each heat consisted in going twice round the interior circumference of the Champs-de-Mars (3,600 metres.) The stallion of M. Beausse won the first heat in four minutes eighteen seconds; he also won the second in four minutes twenty-three seconds. The prize of 4000 francs was therefore adjudged to M. Beausse by M. the Prefect of the Department, who presided over the course in the absence of the Minister for the Interior.

On Wednesday, October 2d, during the Races at Carlisle, an unfortunate accident happened to the family of Sir Wastel Brisco, Bart. The coachman, driving four-in-hand, was suddenly thrown from the box, by the breaking of the spring, when the horses took fright, and set off full gallop; fortunately the leading horses broke away,

away, and the two others were thrown down by the upsetting of the carriage. The populace immediately ran to their assistance, when Sir Wastel, Lady Brisco, and their infant, were conveyed to the house of Dr. Blamair, in Carlisle, with every appearance of being much hurt, particularly her Ladyship's head and face, which was so dreadfully bruised and swelled that not a feature was to be seen.

Poisoning Horses.—Cecil Bishop, alias Graham, underwent a final examination at Marlborough-street, on the 7th instant, on the charge of poisoning The Dandy, and other horses. The evidence against him is, that he was at Newmarket a fortnight before the horses were poisoned, by the assumed name of Graham; that he often made enquiries about the poisoned horses; and that on three occasions he returned rather later than usual to his lodgings, and was particular in washing his hands, which only happened on the three nights named. Under these circumstances, with some slight additional ones, the prisoner was fully committed to Cambridge gaol for trial.

Mr. T. Duncombe's Grimalkin, by Chance, after winning the Gold Cup, at Doncaster, was sold for 700gs; and Mr. Brandling's Scamp, by Bobtail, was sold for 600gs.

Lord Lowther has purchased Camerton, by Hambletonian, for 700gs: Mr. E. L. Hodgson has given Mr. Garforth 80gs. for the grey colt, by Hambletonian, out of Marcia; and Sir William Gerard refused 1000gs for Amadis de Gaul, after winning the Gold Cup at Richmond.

The Cranbourn Chase pack of fox-hounds (Dorset), had a famous run on Saturday the 28th ult. They found a fox in Tollard Park, which broke over Farnham Common, ran through the two Western Walks, passed near Sir Arthur Paget's Lodge, through Fontmell Woods, to Melbury Down, and ran the whole length of the Wind-green Hills, through Ashgrove and Ashcombe, over Marlcombe Bottom, to Rushmore Lodge, then sunk down the wind to Woodcott's, took over Handley Common, through Stablefoot and Cobley Walks, broke off from Dankwood, over Ebbetsbourn Down, through the parishes of Alverston and Ebbetsbourn, over the fields by Fifield Ashes to Salisbury Plain, where the hounds ran into him, after a view of nearly a mile on the open down, full sixteen miles from West Lodge, which he had passed in the chase, and which lasted four hours and twenty minutes, without any considerable check. The Gentlemen in at the death were, Messrs. Radclyffe, W. Grove, of Melbury, J. Andrews, and J. T. Napier.

Hunting Rencontre.—Saturday, the 12th instant, on the Downs, near East Dean, Sussex (the sporting district in which a contention somewhat similar took place, not long ago, that caused much unpleasant and expensive litigation), a dispute arose between a General Officer, and a wealthy South Down Yeoman of great respectability, concerning a hare, which the latter had coursed and killed on his own ground, but, as the General alledged, contrary to the well-known laws of sporting, and in direct opposition to the chase in which he was engaged

with the hounds of the neighbourhood, inasmuch as the hare in question had been first the object of their pursuit; but this being altogether peremptorily denied by the Yeoman, who asserted his right to the hare from having himself started her, much intemperate language, some menacing, and a severe stroke with a horse-whip followed, when the yeoman's son interfered, and in an attempt to protect his father from further hostility, was knocked off his horse by the General, who is upwards of six feet high, and a very powerful man; and thus the matter at present rests; but we understand it is likely to produce a source of much profit to the gentlemen of the long robe, whose arguments, in that case, will be enlightened by the evidence of J. Knapp, Esq. another gentleman high in the profession of the law, and Mr. Jones, Marshall of the King's Bench, who were all present, and witnessed the whole of the transaction.

A gentleman who resides at Guildford, Surrey, having lately presumed to course, &c. in a village, a short distance from the town, and being celebrated for his almost matchless greyhounds, received notices from the different landholders, to desist, under pain of being prosecuted; one of which, signed by a Nobleman (the principal occupier in the parish), he observed, was not directed, and being a sportsman in every sense of the word, merely addressed and sent it to one of his other opponents; who was so much alarmed, as actually to lay aside his dogs and gun for a long time, ere he discovered the joke.

Last month, Mr. Samuel Clark, of Worlingham, Suffolk, engaged for a bet of 10l. to kill and bag 47 shots out of 50. He killed the first 48, missed the 49th, killed the 50th, and continued shooting until he killed the 10 following, making 60 shots, with the loss of only one bird.

In the early part of this month, as Mr. W. a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Lewes, Sussex, was out shooting partridges with a double-barrelled gun, and a brace of excellent pointers, his dogs stood, the covey rose, and he discharged both barrels, bringing down, in a very sportsman-like stile, his bird both with the right and left; this done, and finding his dogs still stationary in the high stuff from which the birds had risen, he re-loaded, and on approaching the pointers, found, to his great regret, that by his first fire he had not only shot his partridge quite dead, but his two faithful dogs also! This sporting casualty, we understand, was occasioned by the pointers standing on a little eminence, and the birds going off nearly close to the lower ground, immediately in a line with them.

A few days afterwards, as two men were shooting moorhens, in a place called the Poole, near Southover, Sussex, one of them mistook the head of a black spaniel, with which they were hunting among the reeds, for their game, and shot the poor animal so badly in the face, that one of his eyes came out of its socket, and he fell down as in the agonies of death; but while the shooters were debating, whether it would not be best to put the wounded dog out of his misery by another shot, a bird made its appearance, was killed by one of them,

them, and fell into the water, when the well-bred dog, seemingly aroused by the report of the gun, got on his legs, staggered into the pool, and actually brought out the game, and laid it at the feet of his master!—The spaniel was immediately taken home, and is now in a fair way of recovery.

A MAD dog having found its way into the kennel of fine harriers belonging to George Hodden, Esq. of Fountainstown, Ireland, bit several of the hounds, and communicated so generally the canine madness, that in a short time the kennel exhibited a singular and terrifying spectacle. The entire pack were raving mad, lacerating and devouring each other with a fury that no language can represent in terms adequately descriptive.—From the breaking out of the madness no person ventured into the surrounding kennel—the gate was kept shut, and it was only by means of ladders placed up against the outside of the walls, that any distinct knowledge of the excess to which the madness had raged could be obtained.

It is a circumstance well worth attending to, that such of the dogs as had been wormed lay down and died without any symptoms of that rage and ferocity which actuated the rest. This fact strongly suggests the propriety of subjecting dogs of every description to the simple operation of extracting a nerve from the tongue of the animal, which are vulgarly called worms. If the practice were universal, the dreadful calamity of canine madness, to which the human race is often exposed, would, it is presumed, be rendered at least much less dreadful, if not effectually prevented.—(*Cork Chron.*)

Common salt a little wetted, rubbed on the wound occasioned by the bite of a mad dog, or any poisonous animal, will take off all bad effects, as the writer of this article has recently proved.

THE debtor and creditor accounts of *high play* at a certain *club house*, have not, it seems, been settled to the satisfaction of two or three successful claimants; one Gentleman in particular having returned to Ireland a defaulter to so considerable an amount, as to have occasioned a correspondence of so unpleasant a nature, that serious consequences are apprehended on his return to this country.

MATCHES AGAINST TIME.—Mr. Willand, of Duke-street, Oxford-road, undertook Monday, the 14th, to drive a horse under 14 hands, drawing 16 stone, to Maidenhead, in one hour and three quarters, for a wager of 100gs. and to perform fifteen miles in the first hour, for half the original stake. The morning was very unfavourable; the driver went the fifteen miles in four minutes under the hour, but the animal lagged in going the nineteenth mile, and was beat at the twentieth. The distance to Maidenhead is twenty-six miles.

Mr. Palmer, who with a friend in a one-horse chaise, started on Monday morning, September 30, at five o'clock from the top of Oxford-street, London, to go to Margate in the space of twelve hours, for a wager of 200gs. reached Canterbury about three in the afternoon, where he halted twenty minutes, and proceeded on his route for Margate; but after passing through Sturry, his horse broke down, and he returned to Canter-

bury,

bury, being unable to accomplish the undertaking.

Pedestrianism.—A farmer, at Holt, near Dorchester, of the name of Rimmington, commenced an undertaking on Saturday, the 12th, to perform on foot eighty miles a day for seven successive days, which he succeeded in accomplishing, though much emaciated, and very lame towards the close. The match, we hear, was for 200gs.

Mr. James Greenhaigh, a publican of Bolton, undertook to walk twenty miles a day for five successive days, without taking any kind of food during the time. He was allowed to drink any quantity of spirits or ale, and he preferred a mixture of ale and gin. This most extraordinary, and apparently destructive undertaking, he completed, according to the strictest terms of it; and what makes the performance still more wonderful, it is said that he tasted no kind of food for two days prior to the undertaking.

Pugilistic Matches.—Powers sent a formal challenge to Tom Belcher, to fight him in November, and stakes were deposited; but the backers of the former not making the battle money good, the stakes became forfeited. It is, however, still believed, that the parties will enter the ring.

Hall, the conqueror of young Crib, has declared himself open to the challenge of any twelve-stone man; and a *mill* betwixt him and the Nottinghamshire man, who distinguished himself at Thistleton Gap, is anticipated.

Crib was grossly insulted in Fore-street, Moorfields, one day this month, by a Jew, named Simmonds, who, ignorant of the person he had to deal with, proceded so far as to aim a blow at the Champion's face. The latter, however, instead of giving him the chastisement he deserved, dragged him before the Lord Mayor, who highly praised Crib for his magnanimity, and after reprimanding the Jew for his conduct, discharged him, (Crib consenting) on paying all costs.

Tottenham, (Middlesex,) and its vicinity, have recently been the scenes of the most brutal outrages. Not long ago several tails and manes of horses were cut off in the night for the sake of the hair. The villains had also the cruelty to deprive cows of their tails, apparently from no other than a wanton or malicious motive. The last act of brutality exceeds in barbarity all the former. Mr. Tuck, butcher, of Tottenham, recently assisted in bringing to justice one of the party for a misdemeanour, and it is suspected, that, in conjunction with others, and by way of revenge, they seized a horse in his field in Marsh-lane, and cut him across the knee of the fore-leg in three different places, and cut off one of his ears. Rewards have been offered on conviction, but in vain.

The present Number commencing the Volume, we have, in compliance with the request of many of our readers, again placed the Contents in the first page, instead of inserting them on the cover, as in the last four Volumes.

A Correspondent informs us, that in our account last month of the race for the Hunters' Stakes at Bedford, the height which the horses had to clear at the second leap should have been stated at near *five* feet, and not *four*, as therein mentioned.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE STAUNCH SPORTSMAN.

A NEW SONG.

A Sportsman I am, my delight's in the chase,
To hedge, gate, and stile, I seldom give place,
But gallop and halloo all day with the hounds,
Pursuing sly Renard's eccentric rounds.
When the dogs make a fault,
My hunter I halt,
And take in a mouthful of breath;
Jack, the huntsman, cries " hark!"
Truman there hits the mark—
We fly, and are in at the death.

Up the hills, down the vales, we gallop, we fly,
O'er fallows, thro' mud-lanes, we heavily hie;
We pant for sound footing, which when we attain,
We mount on the stirrup, and on the pack gain.
As the villagers hear,
Old and young quick appear,
With hands over eyes they stand gaping;
Both men and boys run,
To partake of the fun;
Their lagging oft sets us a laughing.

Old Vulcan hears something, and starts from his anvil,
His hammer up brandish'd, his sleeves wave and dangle;
He gives a sharp look, spies the fox on the ley—
Not one moment longer old Vulcan can stay.
His hammer thrown down,
His apron tuck'd round
His full belly, he halloos like Stentor;
The iron red hot,
On the anvil's forgot,
And at a short chase he will venture.

The dogs hear his voice—they desire no more,
'Tis not many days since they heard it before;
Like lightning they pass him in musical cry;
He eyes them, he cheers them, and says with a sigh,
Dear creatures, run, run,
For my chase is done,
He cries, and stops, puffing his bellows;
But his ears and his eyes,
'Tend the pack and its cries,
'Till lost, with us buckish gay fellows.

O'er hill and through dale we pursue the sly thief,
His cunning, nor speed, can now yield him relief;
We keep to the track of his scent-giving heels,
And soon put a stop to the life-moving wheels.
Then leisurely home,
Men, horses, dogs, come,
The smoke from the kitchen we see with delight;
We eat, drink, and sing,
'Till we make the house ring;
All cares and dull thinking we banish that night.

Oct. 25, 1811. A. B.

A MODERN SONNET.

To a Goose.

If thou didst feed on western plains of yore,
Or waddling slow with flat or flabby feet,
Over some deep Hibernian plashy moor;
Or find in Farmer's yard a safe retreat
From gipsy thieves, and foxes sly and fleet:—

If

If thy grey quills, by lawyer guided, trace
Deeds big with ruin to some wretched race—
Or love-sick Poet's sonnet, sad and sweet,
Wailing the rigour of some Lady fair!
Or if the drudge of housemaid's daily toil,
Cobwebs and dust thy pinions white besoil—
Departed Goose! I neither know nor care:
But this I know—that thou art very fine,
Seasoned with sage, with onions, and port wine.

GANDER.

LONDON.—ECCE!

HOUSES, Churches, mixt together,
Streets cram full in ev'ry weather;
Prisons, palaces contiguous,
Sinners sad and saints religious;
Gaudy things enough to tempt ye,
Outsides showy, insides empty;
Bubbles, beasts, mechanic arts,
Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts;
Warrants, Bailiffs, bills unpaid,
Lords of Laundresses afraid;
Rogues that nightly prowl and shoot men,
Hangmen, Aldermen, and Footmen;
Lawyers, Poets, Priests, Physicians,
Noble, simple, all conditions;
Worth beneath a thread-bare cover,
Villainy bedaubed all over;
Women, black, fair, red, and grey,
Women, who can play and pay;
Handsome, ugly, witty still—
Some that will not—some that will;
Many a beau without a shilling,
Many a widow not unwilling;
Many a bargain, if you strike it—
This is London—yet I like it.

VIATOR.

THE BAILIFF'S HUNT.

BOB Dasher was a gallant blade,
A lounger of renown;
He hazard lov'd, and ran in debt
With more than half the town.

But ah! alas! one winter's morn,
A chase led Bob astray;
The beau that's yet untouch'd, shall rue
The hunting of that day!

Two Bailiffs grim, down Bond-street scour'd,
Or catchpoles called by some;
While others that are less refin'd,
Still dub a Bailiff—*Bum!*

Now in full scent they find the house
That holds their destin'd prey;
And crouching down to make a dart,
Their cunning schemes they lay.

Thus *breaking cover* at the door,
They made their sturdy claim;
But Bob from window still got off,
And prov'd himself *true game.*

And now like fox or hare he ran,
And swiftly bent his way;
He dash'd down alley, court, or lane,
Which led his foes astray.

The Bums thrown out, they stood at fault,
And ruefully did look;
But shortly on another day,
Their scenting niche they took.

And now determin'd on their prey,
They gain'd the parlour floor;
But Bob another *form* assum'd,
And dash'd out at the door.

Away went Bailiffs—off went Bob,
Another hunt took place;
And sure I am folks never saw
So swift and sharp a race.

To a friend's house, now Bob went strait,
And there he refuge took;
The Bailiffs whom he left behind,
Vex'd at each other look.

Expecting Bob wou'd soon come home,
They to his house went back;
And sure enough the youth they saw,
Returning in a hack.

But Bob had eyes as well as they,
And when the coachman wide
Had op'd the door—he open'd too
The one at t'other side.

Ne'er stopping then to pay his fare,
Away our hero flew;
The Bailiffs, eager for the chase,
With equal speed ran too.

Away he scamper'd like a deer,
The people star'd around;
And quick the Bailiffs at his rear,
Pursued him o'er the ground.

But doubling round an ugly post,
A *squat* poor Bobby made;
And strait a seizure, pounce, took place,
Which cast him in the shade.

Now

Now Bond-street youths mark well this
chase,
Nor e'er at hazard bet;
By Bob's sad fate, example take,
And never run in debt.

B.

CARE AND THE BACCHANALIAN.

Scene, a Tavern: the Hero drunk.

BACCHANALIAN *(sings)*.

HE, accustom'd to repine,
Never felt the warmth of wine;
But the generous-hearted soul
Loves to revel near a bowl.

(Enter a WAITER.*)*

Waiter! spring a bottle more,
Add it to my length'ning score;
Love, the cheerful breast inspires,
Quick, a bumper to its fires.
Beauty calls—another fill—
May Laura's eyes their thousands kill!
(Drinks—a knocking heard.)
Answer, who is he that knocks?

(Enter CARE.*)*

CARE.

'Tis old CARE, with snowy locks.

SONG,

Sung at GREGSON'S CHOP HOUSE, *after a Dinner given to celebrate* CRIB'S *Victory over* MOLINEUX.

Tune—" *Jolly Young Waterman.*"

PRAY hav'n't you heard of a jolly young
Coal-heaver,
Who down at Hungerford us'd for to
ply;
His daddles he us'd with such skill and
dexterity,
Winning each *mill*, Sirs, and blacking
each eye.
He sparr'd so neat, and fought so
steadily,
He hit so strait, and he won so rea-
dily;
And now he's a Coal-merchant, why
should he care,
Tho' his dealings are black, yet his ac-
tions are fair.

To mention the times that he's won by
hard milling,
'Tis useless to tell unto any one here;
For tho' no Adonis, he's very nigh kil-
ling,
His arguments have such *effect* on the
ear.
He hit half rounds, and he fought
so steadily,
He mill'd away, and won so readily;
Then why should this Coal-merchant
ever know care,
Tho' his dealings are black, yet his ac-
tions are fair.

A Cove in the black line, he shew'd op-
position,
So Tommy determin'd to give him a
turn;
And Molineux made him a bold propo-
sition,
But twice he has found that his coal
wou'dn't burn;
For he sparr'd so neat, and fought
so steadily,
He hit so strait, and won so readily;
Then why should this Coal-merchant
ever know care,
While he's Champion of England, and
now fills the chair.

R. GREGSON.

THE LOVER'S EVENING WALK.

THE sun, crown'd with blushes, was
slowly declining,
The blue misty hills and the vallies
among;
'Twas the mild glowing close of a sweet
summer's evening,
When lonely I rov'd the green mea
dows along;
Far in the vale the loud laughter of hap-
piness,
Wafted by zephyrs, would oft inter-
vene,
With the far distant lows of the herd
home returning,
To vary my thoughts, and to heighten
the scene.

I trod the light turf with a heart gaily
beating,
For memory dwelt on the smiles of
my JANE;
I thought of the pleasure of fond lovers
meeting,
But not of the torture of parting again.
Again I remember'd those glances of
kindness,
Which thrill'd through my heart with
such exquisite joy;
Again her soft cheek, and her lips gentle
pressure,
My wild raving thoughts and my
wishes employ.

Let

Let others, the cold path of prudence pursuing,
In toiling for riches still wear out the day;
Or, borne on the tide of deceitful ambition,
The short fleeting moments of life waste away;
Dearer to me are the pains and the pleasures
Which in love, faithful love, I enraptur'd can find;
Dearer the transports which glow in my bosom,
While Hope fondly whispers my JANE will be kind.

Ah! see with what mildness of majesty rising,
The moon reigns serenely the queen of the sky;
Light hovering clouds mark the distant horison,
The breeze of the mountains sweeps pleasantly by.
Such be the close of my life's gilded season,
Unclouded with sorrow, unruffled by pain;
And clear as yon planet, which shines so serenely,
May life be illumin'd with the smiles of my JANE.

ALEXIS.

THE MANSION OF LOVE.

HARK to the fall of yon murmuring fountain,
Softly meandering its course thro' the Grove;
Hark, the neat Cot at the foot of the Mountain,
Happy retreat! 'tis the Mansion of Love.
Under the Oak, with its branches wide spreading,
See the plain Rustics, unfetter'd by care,
Wreath'd in fresh flow'rets—the daisy'd-turf treading,
Now for the light-footed revels prepare.

Bring the bold harp, with the viol so merry,
Breathe the soft flute—with the tabor advance;
Put round the juice, just impress'd from the berry,
Music and mirth shall enliven the dance.

Poor way-worn stranger, thy course hither bending,
Thee to our innocent bliss we invite;
Travel no further—there's danger, impending—
Go on the morrow—but tarry to night.

RICARDUS.

LINES

On the Bankruptcy of a Horse Milliner, lately announced in the Gazette.

OUR Milliners' men, and our Milliners too,
To the Ladies had long sworn alliance;
They'd so many bad debts, and were paid by so few,
That at last they bid open defiance.

Still wishing to thrive by a similar trade,
Yet materially alter their course;
A transition from two legs to four legs they made,
And the honesty tried of the horse.

But, as our *Gazette* can now fully explain,
Their experiment did not succeed;
They discover'd at length, very much to their pain,
That the horse made them Bankrupts with speed.

FREDERICK.

EPITAPH

On a Noted Highwayman.

A PARODY.

HERE, high suspended, on a gibbet hangs,
A youth to ev'ry vice and plunder prone;
Till caught at length by law's resistless fangs,
He found his thieving occupation gone.

Bad were his sentiments, his actions worse;
And when he mounted Newgate's fatal drop,
He gave the hangman a most hearty curse;
From him he got what he deserv'd, a rope.